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WITH FOUR-PAGE SUPPLEMENT: **SIXPENCE.**  
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THE TROUBLE IN THE TRANSVAAL: LEADERS OF THE REFORM COMMITTEE ESCORTED TO JAIL AFTER EXAMINATION AT THE GOVERNMENT BUILDINGS, PRETORIA.

From a Sketch by our Special Artist, Mr. Melton Prior.



## OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

There is little doubt that there are some animals which to a certain extent have the faculty of corrupting human nature. Boys who nourish ferrets in their bosoms are hardly ever respectable. Familiarity with these animals produces not, indeed, contempt, but a certain similarity of character. In the case of the ferret his evil influence is not surprising: you have but to look at him to recognise a dangerous acquaintance. But animals themselves quite free from blame, and even of a noble disposition, have the same demoralising effect—just as a person of unblemished morals may possess and cast the evil eye. The horse is one of them. There are few men who can resist the fatal fascination of the horse, especially if they have one to sell. The very best of us find it difficult to keep to the paths of truth and honesty under these circumstances. As to the racing people, it is superfluous to speak of them; but even a divine who has got a pony to dispose of is not to be trusted. We talk of going to the dogs, but where our moral nature is really shattered is among the horses.

This curious faculty of blunting the conscience of mankind, and causing them "to make the thing that is not as the thing that is," is shared also by some birds. The great pervert of the morals of naturalists is the cuckoo. As surely as the spring comes slowly up their way they cannot resist the temptation of being accounted the first to hear him. During the last decade they have heard him earlier and earlier, so that to attain their object they have now to be exceedingly "previous." The latest auditor is the earliest: he heard the cuckoo in February. Far be it from me to say he didn't—I had almost as soon contradict a naturalist as a theologian. I only wish to point out the similarity of the evidence adduced, in all cases, for the early utterance of "the wandering voice." It is always a warm day for the time of year; it is very still; the bird never fails to mention its name (so that there shall be no mistake) three times; the naturalist has always a companion—whose address, however, is never given. The other naturalists, who don't believe a word of the story and are wild with rage that he has anticipated them and got his communication into the *Times*, are very derisive about this companion. They affirm that it must have been a wife who dared not call her soul her own, but would call anything a cuckoo at her husband's orders, or some nephew with expectations, equally docile. Nay, they even affirm that he was made to cry "Cuckoo" himself, in order that his uncle might say he heard it. It is strange that these frightful passions should rage in bosoms that are supposed to be softened by the gentle influences of nature. It is also curious that these early birds—or, rather, these folks who are on the look-out for them—should, considering their peaceful and law-abiding pursuits, be so contemptuous of authority. The very high priest and patron saint of the cult of the naturalists has definitely fixed the first appearance of the *Cuculus canorus* between April 7 and 26. The common rhyme seems to confirm this: "In April the cuckoo shows his bill, in May he is singing all the day, in June changes his tune, in July he prepares to fly, in August fly he must." Conceive, therefore, the audacity of the heretic who would interfere with all these dates by swearing he heard the cuckoo in February!

The idea has been revived, after forty years of oblivion, of purchasing Palestine and making it—as the *Pall Mall Gazette* was originally intended to be written, by gentlemen for gentlemen—a Jewish principality, governed, owned, and inhabited by Jews only. A famous painter tells us he feels confident that one hundred millions or so could be raised by Jewish financiers (of which, indeed, there can be little doubt) and for this purpose, which is not quite so certain; that the Sultan would sell it (as he probably would for half the money), and that the Jews would flock into it from all quarters of the world; "that the Jewish question would thus be permanently settled, and the Jewish people, represented by their council in their ancient home, be a peace-making influence throughout the world." To the ordinary outsider a very important question seems in this admirable scheme to be ignored—namely, "Do the Jews want to go to Palestine?" Among my own friends of the Hebrew faith I have never heard a whisper to this effect. The same objection naturally occurs to them as to the Christian paterfamilias when he is besought by his family to go to the seaside. What is he to do when he gets there? One can understand a persecuted colony in Moscow, Vienna, or Berlin being very anxious to go anywhere else—whether it be to Jerusalem or Jericho—but why should Hebrew gentlemen who are comfortably situated have these sentimental longings for their ancient home? Scotchmen are proverbially attached to their native land, but they are generally found capable of resisting the temptation to return to it. It is supposed by some that there is a passionate desire among the ancient race to rebuild the Temple. So far as I have observed, it never forms the subject of their conversation; but, if they want it done, it can surely be accomplished without going to Palestine—by cheque. We pique ourselves upon not persecuting the Jews in this country, but these impertinent

suggestions for their future welfare are akin to persecution. Why can't we leave the Jews to mind their own business?—a duty for which they are at least as well fitted as ourselves.

Henry IV., the chronicler Fabian tells us, had a great desire to visit the Holy Land. When he grew sick this much increased, since there was an ancient prophecy that his Majesty would die at Jerusalem, which was thought to be a great advantage. He was taken so ill, however, when preparing for his journey, at St. Edward's shrine, that he had to be carried into the house of the Abbot of Westminster. "What room is this?" asked the sick man. "It is the Jerusalem Chamber," was the reply. "Then that's all right" (or words to that effect), said the King; "because you know it was predicted that I should die in Jerusalem." It was very sensible of him to be so easily satisfied, and one can well imagine the ordinary Jewish gentleman being equally ready to put up with "the New Jerusalem" (as Maida Vale is called) in place of the old one.

Between marrying for love and marrying for money there is plenty of room for unions that come under neither of those two heads. The marriage of convenience is considered to be identical with the latter, or else it would be a very good term for unions that are prompted by neither passionate affection nor by the desire of bettering oneself, but a mixture of the two motives. The poets and the novelists have been very hard upon the women who escape from the slough of poverty by means of matrimony, a fact which is probably to be accounted for by those writers having had some richer suitor preferred before them, since men of letters more than those of any other calling ought to have knowledge of what poverty is, and what humiliation it entails upon its victims. In these days, however, they know less about it than of old, and therefore it is that in modern books we read so much about women selling themselves for gold, who, as a matter of fact, simply take for their husbands men they like, but have no romantic regard for, and whom they would not take if they were in comfortable circumstances and had the chances of a wider choice. How few of those who write so glibly about poverty have any personal acquaintance with it! The man of moderate—nay, even of narrow means—is practically farther removed from it than he himself is from the millionaire. He may know the inconvenience, for example, of the want of ready money, but not its direful consequences. "It is true I have a castle in Scotland and a house in town, and a steam yacht; but as for ready money, I never have such a thing," is a well-known complaint, and people who have neither castles nor yachts may experience the same inconvenience with very little hurt to themselves: it is not the nip but the grip of poverty that paralyses a man, and still more a woman. Philosophers (who have generally a balance at their bankers') write as if privation were its worst feature: it is not an attractive one, but to sensitive natures it has far more painful degradations, and demoralisation quite as great as any that is likely to arise from life with an average husband. Gold may deteriorate the disposition, but so do coppers—or, rather, the necessity of looking after them—though in quite another way.

These sagacious reflections are suggested by the latest workhouse report, which informs us that, in consequence of the superior quarters now provided for married couples in the Unions, the fancy of the inmates lightly turns to thoughts of love. They are entering the bonds of matrimony, not, indeed, prematurely (for I believe bride and bridegroom must be over sixty to qualify for married quarters), but with great precipitation, for the number of these bowers (so to speak) is limited. Nor is this haste more marked upon one side than on the other: Chloe is quite as eager as Strephon, and Strephon as Chloe. They will hardly celebrate their golden wedding, having started so late upon the matrimonial course, but they revive the golden days when not only Barkis was willing but Mrs. Barkis.

A strange but pathetic advertisement in a daily paper makes an advantage out of what is generally a great drawback. A lady who has had the misfortune to lose a leg is wanted to attend upon a little girl in the same condition, since "it is probable that more sympathy will be shown by one in similar case." It is seldom indeed that a person who has lost a limb finds herself at a premium through that misfortune; and it is plain that analogy cannot be pushed very far in this direction, for one would hardly seek for a blind person to attend upon the blind; indeed, we have Scripture authority for what in the case of so injudicious a selection would happen—they would both fall into the ditch. Even in my own instance, I should hardly advertise for a companion confined to a large wheeled chair, though three of them—since they couldn't get out of doors, and would play at whist in all weathers—would be a charming acquisition, and well repay one for taking up a great deal of room. As a general rule, I would certainly not recommend the care of a chronic invalid to another similarly affected. It is usually understood that these persons are quite the pick of humanity in the way of patience and resignation; but that, I am afraid, is not always the opinion of those who have the charge of them. Among the last words of eminent persons are recorded those of

a learned Judge (Lord Thurlow, if I remember right) addressed to the persons carrying him upstairs to bed, and nothing can exceed their obsequious character. It is true they had scraped him against the wall. Some sick folk require very little scraping to disclose the Tartar. I have known two invalids, both seriously ill, under the same roof, who could not bear each other's presence, each resenting the attention paid to the other, and denouncing him as an impostor. The most cheerful account of chronic invalidism in literature is, perhaps, Miss Martineau's "Life in the Sick-Room"; but that lady was a philosopher. It is quite true that with some persons it has a very elevating effect, but they have an angelic nature to begin with; those of less celestial wing moult under it until they have not a feather.

Notwithstanding the absurd eulogiums that are lavished on some very inferior bards, it is certain that there is more good poetry in the literature of the present day than in any which has preceded it. It is true there are no great poets, no bards sublime whose footsteps are likely to echo through the corridors of Time; but there are many who, if they had lived a generation or two ago, would scarcely have been designated minor poets, and who are undoubtedly much superior to those who were so. Every now and then one comes upon a volume of verse the excellence of which is quite surprising, yet of which we hear no praise. Its author is not connected with that gallant little band of versifiers who stand back to back and go on log-rolling for one another with such perseverance that it is no wonder they take themselves seriously, and really believe themselves the peers of Keats and Shelley. In the long list of minor poets quoted some time ago by a well-known critic, and by no means with any design of ridiculing them, I do not remember the name of Mr. Lee-Hamilton. He has, however, written several volumes, as the title-page of his "Sonnets of the Wingless Hours" informs us. If this is an ordinary specimen of his powers, he must have been strangely overlooked, for very few of his contemporaries can, for grace and pathos, claim to be his equals. He is a confirmed invalid, confined to a wheeled bed for many years; and though he writes with elegance and fancy upon other subjects, is at his best when describing his unhappy condition. A fellow-feeling makes us wondrous kind, and it is possible, since his case is mine, that I exaggerate his truth and tenderness; of that I leave my readers to judge for themselves. Sonnets are not an attractive form of poetry; and it is the more to our author's credit that this little book, which consists entirely of them, should so impress the reader. His muse is the one source of comfort to this unhappy captive—

To keep through life the posture of the grave,  
While others walk and run and dance and leap;  
To keep it ever, waking or asleep,  
While shrink the limbs that Nature goodly gave;  
In summer's heat no more to breast the wave;  
No more to wade through seeded grasses deep;  
Nor tread the cornfield where the reapers reap;  
Nor stretch free limbs beneath a leafy nave:  
'Tis hard, 'tis hard; and so in winter, too,  
'Tis hard to hear no more the sweet faint creak  
Of the crisp snow, the frozen earth's clear ring,  
Where ripe blue sloes and crimson berries woo  
The hopping redbreast. But when thou dost seek  
My lonely room, sweet Muse, Despair takes wing.

I remember a young man, very highly placed, whose friends were talking in his presence about their ideas of happiness and the nature of their ambitions. They forgot for the moment that he had an incurable disease, and were not a little shocked when he suddenly threw up his hands and cried, "Health, health, health!" in a voice painfully akin to despair. Our author, similarly moved, tells how not the Ten Thousand when they saw the sea, or Columbus when he saw the land, shouted as he would shout at the sight of health—

If you could lose but for a single day your use of limb, he says to those who are not captives, they would never speak of life with scorn. No more passionate and pathetic appeal than that he entitles "To Others" was ever written. I have combated in a foregoing paragraph the popular idea that the effect of chronic illness was generally to produce resignation and religious feeling. Here is the conclusion of the whole matter as written by this victim of cruel fate—

Make me in marble after I am dead,  
Stretched out recumbent just as I have lain,  
That those who care may see me once again  
Such as they knew me on my hard, wheeled bed.

Save that the motionless and marble head  
Will never ache with hope for ever vain;  
And down the marble limbs the waves of pain  
Will never race, but all be peace instead.

And this be writ: The same blind silent weight  
That moves the planets kept him on his back,  
And forced him in his misery to create.

He lay for years upon a daily rack;  
He grudged to none their freer, happier fate;  
He hoped no heaven, nor deemed the world all black.

If there is a more touching sonnet in the language I have not read it. "He hoped no heaven" is the finishing touch to its appalling gloom. If there is to be no compensation hereafter to such a lot as is here portrayed, poor humanity is to be pitied indeed.



## THE PLAYHOUSES.

BY CLEMENT SCOTT.

The dramatic barometer points to "set fair." It is quite true that the new year opened very gloomily for the theatre, and failure succeeded failure with alarming rapidity. But since then all has gone well at the regular playhouses, and the policy of an interesting, well-made play, with a dash of wholesome romance in it, and acting well worth seeing, has been sincerely appreciated by the paying public. The luck seemed to change with "The Sign of the Cross," in which, after some spirited controversy, the "ayes" certainly have it. Then came "The Prisoner of Zenda," which proved as attractive at the St. James's Theatre as it was in New York, having drawn crowded houses through the once dreaded season of Lent, and promising well for a long run into the summer months. Fortune smiled once again on Mr. Forbes-Robertson and Mr. F. Harrison, and they forgot the disappointment of the past when they cast their managerial eyes over the booking-sheet for the last Lyceum success, "For the Crown," and saw that the play promised as well for the future as it does at the present moment. It was on this point that many of the admirers of Mr. Henry Arthur Jones's last play went a little astray when they argued, with some amount of bitterness, that it was a managerial blunder to take a play off when it was "picking up," as it is called in theatrical circles. But I am credibly informed that it never really picked up, except in the sense that all plays much discussed pick up when the last nights are announced. The figures of the receipts taken for the few nights the play was acted were fairly accurate, though they did not represent what is called paying business. But the "booking ahead" was so ludicrously small, amounting, I am informed, to only a few pounds a night, that the management did not feel themselves justified in running an obvious risk, particularly when they had a very promising, and, as it turns out, brilliantly successful, play in their possession. It would be needless to go into these details if a point had not been made of unfair treatment to the gifted author, who, as it happens, was one of the very first to condole with the management that he had unhappily brought them a slice of bad luck. I cannot help thinking that managers of theatres are the best judges of their own business. It is very unfortunate, no doubt, to laud to the skies a work against which the public persistently turns its back, but I have never yet come across a manager who deliberately committed himself to the fatal process of "cutting off his nose to spite his face." As a rule, the actor-manager is far too sanguine, and very often wastes the profits of a success by keeping it on the boards for too long a time. Mr. Bancroft is one of the most successful actor-managers of our time, retiring at an early age with a large fortune acquired by care, judgment, and common-sense. But what did Mr. Bancroft do? He never ran a play to death, however successful it might be. He took it off, laid it up in lavender, and brought it out again for another run. "Diplomacy" was withdrawn on the first run when it was acted to excellent paying business. And then Mr. Bancroft made it a rule to have a new play ready before the old one was exhausted. He continually looked ahead. But the mid-summer madness of management is fairly expressed in the new and ridiculous syndicate business. A syndicate is formed of men who know nothing whatever about theatrical business to produce a play which they are told is good by someone who knows even less about the stage than they do; or to espouse the cause of a lady who may or may not have the slightest idea of acting; or to boom some conceited actor in whom the public does not believe; and when the play, the lady, or Mr. Puff fail, the syndicate has nothing whatever to fall back upon, the money is lost, and with it the reputation of the theatre. The last point is one far too often ignored. We who live in theatrical circles imagine that the public at large is as well informed about the stage as we are. There never was a greater mistake. The majority of them scarcely look at a playbill, and do not know Mr. Smith from Mr. Brown. Poll all the playgoers of London, and I would undertake to say that not one-third of them know or could say off-hand who wrote the words or the music to "The Shop Girl" or the "Artist's Model." But I was dealing with the subject of the reputation of a theatre often ruined by these detestable syndicates or clumsy management. I have often heard people say when the name of a certain theatre is mentioned—"Oh dear no, we won't go there: don't you remember what a wretched play we saw there last time? Why, our money was wasted." And then on the other hand, they persist in going again and again to a theatre where they have enjoyed themselves.

The list of recent successes has received a noteworthy addition in the new Savoy opera play, which has reconciled, to the delight of the public, those old partners Sir Arthur Sullivan and Mr. W. S. Gilbert. Apparently they are both inexhaustible. Certainly no two men of different tastes and temperament have worked so well together, or given to the amusement-lovers of the wide world such genuine and pure delight. Think what pleasure they have given to every class of society, and in all parts of the world, since those early days of "Trial by Jury" and "The Sorcerer." I have seen the first at the Royalty and the "Pirates of Penzance" at Calcutta. Gilbert and Sullivan are as well known at Colombo, Penang, Singapore, and

Yokohama as they are in America, South Africa, and Australia. At Honolulu, in the lovely Sandwich Islands, we sat out under the trees after dinner, and the native band played a selection from "H.M.S. Pinafore," and sang the tunes at the same time. This was the first time I ever heard a vocal band of instrumentalists. The effect was charming.

## OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

## GENERAL BALDISSERA.

The new commander of the Italian army in the East African province called "Erythria"—a name somewhat pedantically borrowed from the ancient Greek name of the Red Sea and a territory of the Soudan extending inland from Massowah to Kassala, the geographical situation of which is shown by our map—is General Antonio Baldissera. He has superseded the unlucky General Baratieri, with a military task not to be envied if he be expected to reconquer the North Abyssinian dominion of Tigre. The army has lost about seven thousand Italian regular troops and nearly all its field artillery, sixty or seventy guns, in the disastrous battle of Adowa. General Baldissera had been appointed to the chief command on Feb. 23, and was on his way from Italy, arriving at Massowah on March 4, five days after the defeat of General Baratieri's army.

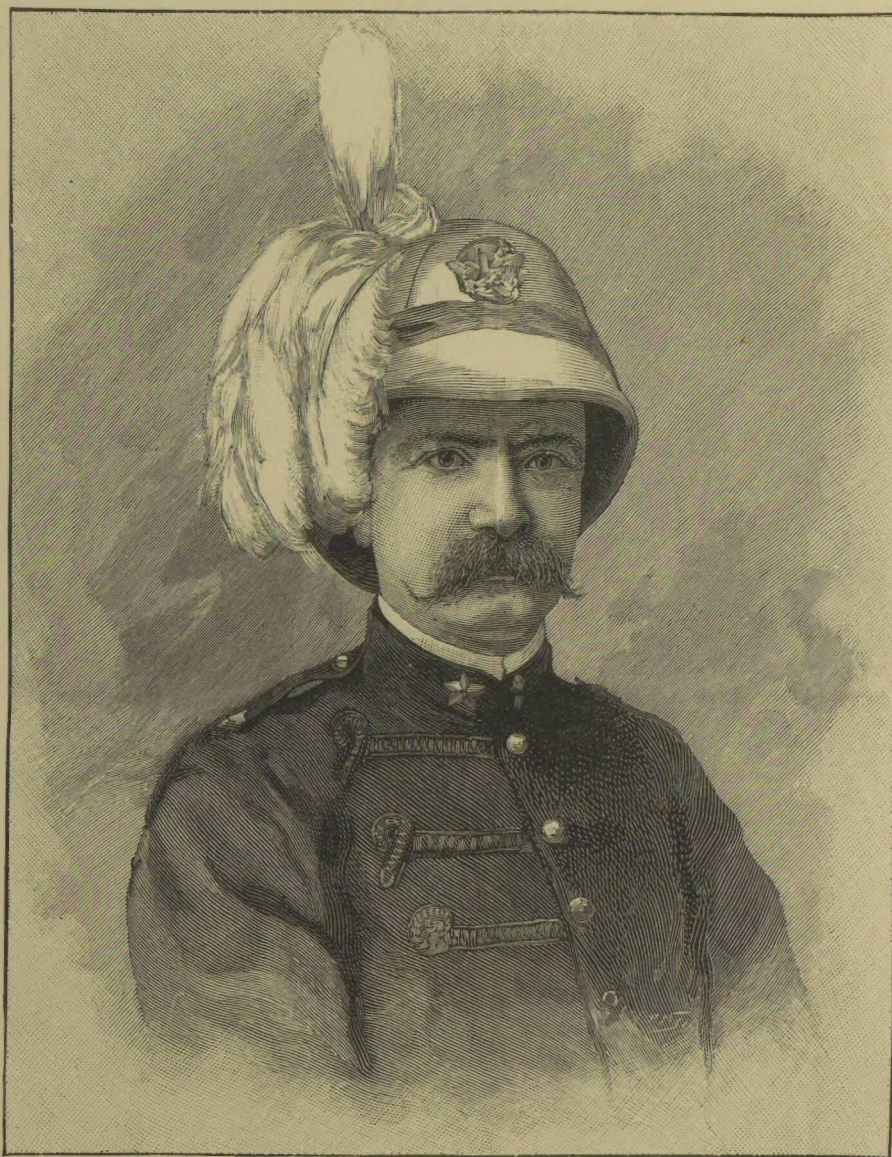


Photo Montabone, Rome.

GENERAL ANTONIO BALDISSERA.

NEW COMMANDER OF THE ITALIAN TROOPS IN ABYSSINIA.

The earlier part of Baldissera's career as a soldier was passed in the service of the Austrian Empire. He is a native of Friuli, born at Udine in 1838, the son of an official of police; was educated at the Vienna Military College, and continued in the Austrian army with the rank of Major until 1866, when the Venetian territories were annexed to the kingdom of Italy. He has since been a Colonel of the Bersaglieri, and a staff officer, gaining some professional distinction; he is married to a daughter of the Procurator-General of the Court of Appeal at Aquila, in Southern Italy.

## TRIAL OF THE JOHANNESBURG LEADERS.

The scenes represented by our Special Artist in the Transvaal, Mr. Melton Prior, are the preliminary examination at Pretoria of the leading members of the Uitlanders' or foreigners' Johannesburg "National Reform Union Committee," charged with a treasonable conspiracy to overthrow the Government of the South African Republic; also that of the chief defendants—Mr. Lionel Phillips, Colonel Frank Rhodes, Mr. George Farrar, Mr. John Hays Hammond, and Mr. J. W. Leonard—leaving the court to return to the jail, from which they were subsequently released on bail. The prisoners were conducted to and from the court through the streets of Pretoria in carriages under the escort of Boer Armed Police; and their appearance was regarded with much interest by a large number of spectators, including many ladies. The sittings of the court were held in the Second Volksraad or Parliament Chamber of the Government buildings. The initial proceedings were in the Court of the Landrost, or District Judge, who would, however, not determine the case, but would order it to

be investigated by a Judicial Commissioner, who would afterwards send it up to the Supreme Court. The inquiry went on before Mr. Zeiler, the Judicial Commissioner, from Feb. 3 to Feb. 20; the State Attorney-General and Public Prosecutor conducting the case against the accused, while two counsel, Mr. Wessels and Mr. Sauer, appeared for their defence; and Mr. Innes, Q.C., watched the case for the British Government, instructed by Sir Jacobus de Wet, Agent for the High Commissioner, Sir Hercules Robinson.

## DR. JAMESON AT BOW STREET.

Dr. Jameson and the other defendants, officers of the British South Africa Company's Armed Police and the British Bechuanaland Police, charged with the offence of unlawfully preparing a hostile military expedition against the South African Republic, were again brought up, on remand, before Sir John Bridge, the chief magistrate at the Bow Street Police Court, on Tuesday. They were now fifteen in number, as two more—namely, Major the Hon. Charles John Coventry and Captain Audley Vaughan Gosling, had been added to the others, who were, at the first hearing of the case, Dr. Leander Starr Jameson, Major Sir John Willoughby, Bart., Captain the Hon. H. F. White, Captain Raleigh Grey, Captain the Hon. R. White, Major J. B. Stracey, Captain C. H. Villiers, Captain R. J. Kincaid-Smith, Lieutenant H. M. Grenfell, Captain C. P. Foley, Captain C. L. D. Munro, Captain C. F. Lindsell, and Captain E. C. S. Holden.

Sir Richard Webster, the Attorney-General, Sir Robert Finlay, the Solicitor-General, Mr. Charles Mathews, Mr. Horace Ivory, and Mr. Fulton appeared as counsel for the Crown; while the Public Prosecutor, the Hon. Hamilton Cuffe, C.B., had a seat on the Bench. Sir Edward Clarke appeared as counsel for all the defendants, and Sir Frank Lockwood, Mr. E. H. Carson, Mr. C. F. Gill, the Hon. Alfred Lyttelton, Mr. Wallis, Mr. J. Fitzgerald, Mr. Roskill, Mr. Peel, Mr. Douglas Pennant, and Mr. Howard Spensley for several of the defendants. The proceedings were instituted by the Crown under the Foreign Enlistment Act of 1870, which declares that if any person within the limits of her Majesty's dominions, and without the license of her Majesty, prepares and fits out any naval or military expedition to proceed against the dominions of any friendly State, he and any persons assisting or employed in such an expedition shall be deemed guilty of an offence, punishable by fine or imprisonment not exceeding two years.

The case was stated by the Attorney-General in a speech occupying an hour and a half; two witnesses, Sergeant Drummond Hay, of the Bechuanaland Border Police, and Lance-Corporal W. H. Smith, of the Chartered Company's Police, gave evidence as to what took place at Mafeking and Pitsani up to Dec. 29, when the expedition started; and they were cross-examined by Sir Edward Clarke. The inquiry was then adjourned till next Tuesday. The defendants are bound, each under recognisances of £2000, to appear in court.

## THE INSURRECTION IN CUBA.

The military prospects of General Weyler, to whom the Spanish Government has entrusted all the forces it can raise and send out to Cuba for the subjugation of its revolted colony, are not to be hastily judged. He has already under his command a regular army probably twice as large as the collective number of all the insurgents actively engaged in the guerrilla movements that have been going on for more than a twelvemonth past. The revolutionary partisans have not attempted to hold in their possession any important towns, any sea-ports, or fortified posts, but have rapidly overspread the whole island, from east to west, continually evading such divisions of the Spanish army as have sought to bring them to a critical encounter. They lay waste the sugar plantations, burn villas, and destroy the property of adherents of the Government, intercept convoys of stores, and cut off small detachments of troops, with frequent skirmishes, in which the Spaniards often win an unprofitable local victory, but in which, perhaps, only a few score of men are engaged on either side. It is difficult for a commander-in-chief at Havana, or at the head of an army organised for the ordinary method of operations at any fixed encampment, to deal with these numerous and ubiquitous separate bands of enemies, not directly attacking him, but vexing every part of the country under his protection. The rebels appear to be aided in many districts by the poorer class of peasantry, the negroes and half-breeds, this conflict being one not between the white and black races, but of the Creoles, or native Cubans of the European race, against the rule of Spain. It may be observed that the Spanish naval squadron is prevented by the fewness and badness of the harbours on the coast along the middle and eastern parts of the island from rendering much assistance to the army on land. The virulence of the conflict is much exasperated by memories of the severity with which the former rebellion, from October 1868 to December 1870, was repressed by the Spaniards. General Weyler's acts there in past times have left in the hearts of many Cubans a feeling of personal animosity, that did not exist with regard to the late Captain-General, Marshal Martinez Campos.





DR. JAMESON AND HIS OFFICERS AT BOW STREET, TUESDAY, MARCH 10: SERGEANT DRUMMOND HAY UNDER EXAMINATION.





DEAR LADY DISDAIN.

*By N. Sichel.*



## PERSONAL.

Prince Kropotkin has been expelled from France. He proposed to deliver a lecture in Paris on Anarchism, but was met by the police at Dieppe and told that he could not proceed further. As there was a good deal of official doubt whether he could be allowed to spend the night at an hotel, Prince Kropotkin returned to England by the first steamer.

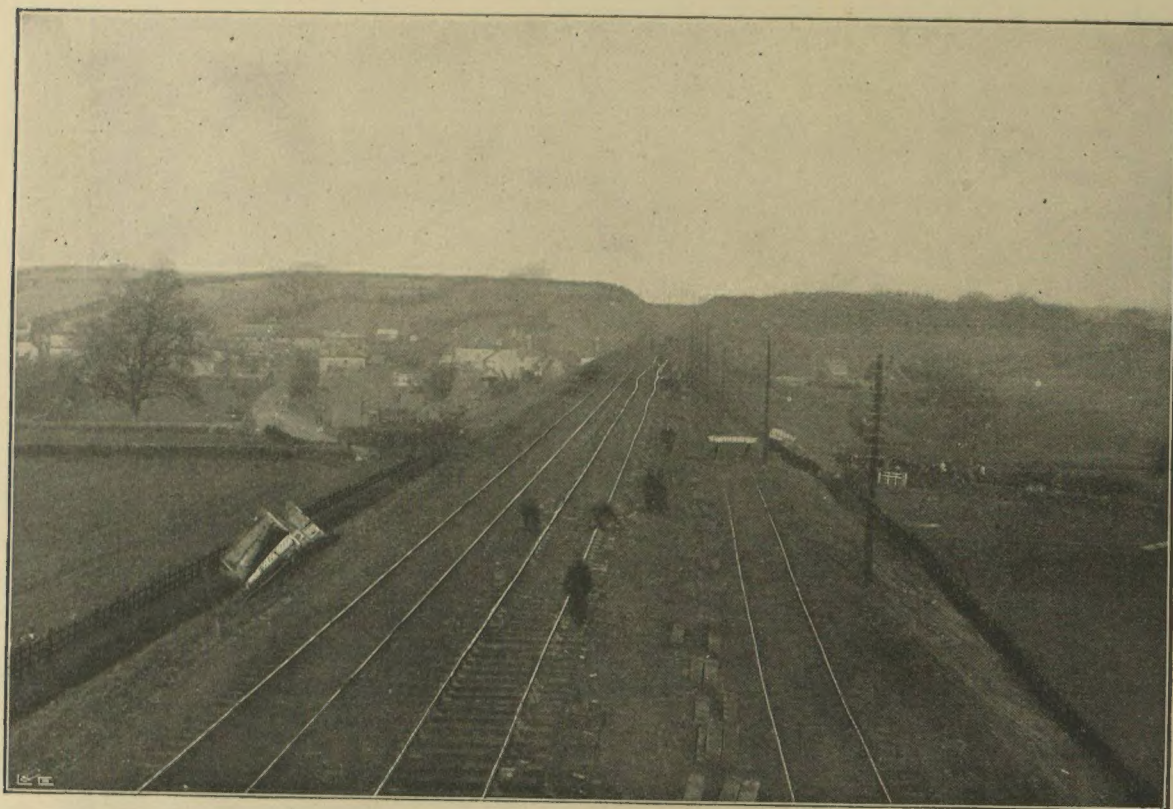
According to law he is liable to a fine of five hundred pounds, and Constitutional lawyers shake their heads and say it may be necessary to save him by a special Act of Indemnity. There is historical precedent for this; and everybody with any dramatic sense must hope that the little comedy will be played out. Nothing so piquant has happened in the House of Lords for some time as this violation of the statutes by the Lord Chief Justice.

and classically successful. Herr Joachim played with Messrs. Ries, Gibson, and Ould the celebrated "Harp Quartet" of Beethoven, and played it very well. Why is it, we may ask, that Herr Joachim invariably plays so much more finely as the leader of a great concerted piece than as the single exponent of masterpieces? It is as though his ear needed support. Be that as it may, however, he played his own Romance in G minor from the Hungarian Violin Concerto with intense appreciation of its merits and with infinite sweetness and care. Herr Mark Hambourg played Schumann's extremely difficult Fantasia in C, in parts with triumphant success, in parts with less felicitous effect. Schumann's peculiar poetry is not easy to realise; but it says much for Herr Hambourg that he often realised it. Miss Helen Buckley was the vocalist, and sang a charming Grieg agreeably, and a commonplace Goring Thomas as effectively as possible.

## THE FATAL RAILWAY ACCIDENT.

A serious accident on March 7 befell the Great Northern Railway's 5.30 express train from Leeds to London. The train, which was made up of an engine, tender, and seven coaches, reached Grantham at its proper time and was soon afterwards travelling at the full speed of seventy miles an hour, the usual pace on the stretch of line between Grantham and Peterborough. As it was nearing Little Bytham, however, two of the rear carriages left the rails. The hindmost of these, consisting of the brake-van and several passengers' compartments, was hurled over a bridge into the roadway running beneath. The only persons in this carriage were the guard and a lady passenger, Mrs. Paul, the wife of the Chief Constable of Bradford, and by some miracle they escaped with their lives, although badly injured. The last carriage but one did not become uncoupled from the main body of the train, but was completely wrecked, the body of the carriage being cast behind, while the frame trailed after the train nearly a mile farther along the line. Two of the passengers in this carriage were killed—Mrs. Bligh, of Pudsey, and Mr. Michael Walter, of Portsdown Road, London—and others were severely wounded.

An inquiry into the cause of the accident was held by Major Marindin, the Board of Trade inspector. From the evidence given it seems clear that the disaster was due to the disturbance of a newly laid piece of line by the heavy rain. After the accident which took place at St. Neots some little time ago, the directors of the Great Northern Railway resolved to act upon the advice of the Board of Trade by relaying all the old rails on their lines. The section of the line approaching Little Bytham was, accordingly, relaid during the week preceding the accident, the work being finished on Friday night. Until the Saturday afternoon a caution signal forbade the speed of any train to exceed the rate of thirty miles over this piece of the line, but by four p.m. the newly laid rails were considered to have been sufficiently tested, and the signal was withdrawn. The heavy down-fall of rain, however, seems to have prevented the ground from settling, and the weight of the express forced the rails outward. The engine-driver, Guest, who gave an exciting account of the accident, stated that the vacuum-brake worked after the severance of the last carriages, but that the combined effect of the shock and the greasy state of the rails made the wheels skid for the next half mile.



ACCIDENT ON THE GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY: SCENE NEAR LITTLE BYTHAM, SHOWING THE BENT RAILS IN THE DISTANCE.

Photo Nichols, Stamford.

It does not appear that the French authorities were uneasy about a lecture in Paris by this redoubtable champion of Anarchism; but Prince Kropotkin's relations with the Russian Government are quite sufficient to explain the eagerness of the Dieppe police to bundle this particular Russian exile out of France.

Mr. Ballington Booth has formally seceded from the Salvation Army and set up a standard of his own. He proposes to devote his energies to the redemption of the American "middle classes." As there is no middle class in America in the usual sense of that phrase, it is surmised that Mr. Ballington Booth has his eye on the American wage-earners, and that he even aims at the conversion of gentility. This will deprive his efforts of the particular characteristics hitherto associated with the Salvationist appeal to the waifs and strays. Fifth Avenue will scarcely be assailed with tambourines, and the hardheaded American artisan, who is comfortably off, will not be invited to parade the streets backwards. It remains to be seen whether, in such novel conditions, the zeal of this member of the Booth family will do much more than is accomplished by the ordinary religious organisations.

Sir Russell Reynolds has resigned the office of President of the Royal College of Physicians. It is said that this has taken his colleagues by surprise; but it was made inevitable by the stress of his professional work.

Has any Spanish grandee ventured to tell King Alfonso that he has been burnt in effigy by some rude little boys at Chicago? Perhaps it is as well to keep this piece of news from his youthful Majesty, or he might be tempted to retort by sticking pins into a photograph of Grover Cleveland. It appears that some adolescent persons who are pursuing a University career somewhere in the United States have distinguished themselves by tearing up the Spanish flag. These freaks might be left to the Chicago nurseries.

Nothing terrible has happened to Lord Russell of Killowen for his inadvertence in speaking in the House of Lords before subscribing the oath in the new Parliament.

The muzzling order continues to excite the resentment of dog-owners. One titled personage appeared before a bench of magistrates and bitterly complained that his unmuzzled dog had been snatched up ten yards from his door by a policeman who ought to have been attending to a house on fire. The Bench said ten yards did not matter, nor even ten inches. The titled personage said he did not agree with that opinion, and the Bench rejoined by inviting him to pay a fine. He left the court in a burst of eloquence against "these idiotic regulations." It is a remarkable proof of the attachment of Englishmen to dogs that, although they would not dream of breaking the law by any direct personal act, they cannot see why their canine pets should conform to it.

The Monday Popular Concert of March 9 was sternly



ACCIDENT ON THE GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY: THE WRECKED CARRIAGES.

Photo Nichols, Stamford.



## HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

Her Majesty the Queen, accompanied by Princess Christian and Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein, on Monday, March 9, at half-past ten o'clock in the forenoon, left Windsor on her journey to Nice. Arriving at Portsmouth Dockyard at a quarter past twelve, her Majesty and the Princesses embarked on board the royal yacht *Victoria and Albert*, and crossed the Channel to Cherbourg with a naval escort, reaching that port at a quarter past six in the evening. They stayed on board the yacht, moored alongside the Arsenal Quay, during the night, and on Tuesday morning at half-past ten landed and continued their journey by a special train on the Western Railway of France, by way of Caen and Mantes, to Laroche, where they dined, thence proceeding by the Lyons and Mediterranean Railway, through the night. Breakfasting at Tarascon on Wednesday morning, the Queen and the Princesses went on, by way of Marseilles, Toulon, and Cannes, arriving at Nice at four o'clock in the afternoon. They proceeded to the hotel at Cimiez prepared for her Majesty's temporary abode, where they were met by Princess Beatrice, with her children, and by Prince and Princess Louis of Battenberg, Princess Louise, Marchioness of Lorne, and the Duchess of Albany.

Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales on Wednesday held the first Drawing-Room of this season at Buckingham Palace on behalf of the Queen.

The Prince of Wales on Saturday morning left England for Cannes, but stayed till Monday in Paris, at the Hôtel Bristol, and visited the President of the French Republic on Sunday. The Princess of Wales, with the Duchess of Fife and the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, visited the Queen at Windsor on Saturday. Her Royal Highness, with Princesses Victoria and Maud, and Prince Charles of Denmark, went to Brighton on Tuesday to visit the Duke and Duchess of Fife at their residence there.

The Duchess of York on Thursday, March 5, visited the City of London and Merchant Taylors' Hall, Threadneedle Street, where she presented the prizes, scholarships, and medals to students of the Royal Female School of Art, situated in Queen Square, Bloomsbury. On Tuesday the Duke and Duchess of York visited Guy's Hospital.

The Foreign Office Report on the subject of the disputed boundary of British Guiana and Venezuela has been issued in a volume of 443 pages, with nine maps, for the information of Parliament. It covers a large extent of detailed historical and topographical researches concerning the old Spanish and Dutch frontiers in that region. The conclusion is that the Dutch territorial dominion, to which Great Britain has succeeded, includes the watersheds of all the rivers of Guiana, the Cuyuni, the Yuruary, and others, which flow into the Essequibo. Neither Spain nor Venezuela had at any time possession of or dominion over the territory in question.

At the Central Criminal Court, on March 5, the trial of the five persons concerned in the fraudulent agency of the "Great Marriage Association," in Mecklenburg Square, for obtaining money from many persons by pretending to negotiate with rich ladies willing to marry, ended in the conviction of three of the defendants. John Charles Skates was sentenced to five years' penal servitude; John Abrahams and Daniel Mortimer to three years' penal servitude; Anthony Maddows was acquitted; and the case of N. G. Hennah, upon which the jury could not agree, was remitted to the next sessions.

The London County Council, at its meeting on Tuesday, re-elected Sir Arthur Arnold as Chairman; Dr. Collins was elected Vice-Chairman and Mr. Beachcroft Deputy-Chairman. The Chairman made a report of his negotiations with the London water companies for ultimate transfer by purchase.

The President of the French Republic, M. Faure, in the course of his tour in the South of France, was at Mentone on March 5, and was there, in a private and informal manner, favoured by the Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria, who has come to the Riviera *incognito* to meet the Empress, with a brief friendly interview.

The German Emperor William II., at Berlin, on Tuesday, received the Austrian Foreign Minister, Count Goluchowski, who has also had some consultation with Prince Hohenlohe, the Imperial Chancellor, and with Count Lanza, the Italian Ambassador at Berlin, concerning the position of the Triple Alliance.

The Government of Italy has passed through a severe political crisis, occasioned by the disastrous defeat of the Italian army in Abyssinia, which was announced last week. Tumultuous popular meetings at Rome, Naples, Milan, Venice, Florence, Pisa, and Parma have demanded the instant cessation of the war in East Africa, and the impeachment of Signor Crispi's Ministry. King Humbert has been compelled to give way to these demonstrations. The Ministry resigned on Thursday, March 5, and on Tuesday, after some negotiations with the leading men of different parties, the Marquis di Rudini succeeded in forming a new Government. He is Premier and Minister of the Interior; General Ricotti is Minister of War; Signor Brin is Minister of Marine; the Duke of Sermoneta, Minister of Foreign Affairs; Signor Branca, Minister of Finance; the other Ministerial posts are held by Signor Peruzzi, Senator Costa, Count Guicciardini, Professor Gianturco, and Signori Colombo and Carmine.

The situation and prospects of the army now under the command of General Baldissera remain very uncertain. Kassala, in the Soudan, is threatened with an attack by the "Dervishes," or followers of the Mahdi and his successor, the Khalifa, from whom that town was wrested by the Italians a few years ago. The garrison of Adigerat is also considered to be in danger from King Menelik's overwhelming forces in Tigre.

A disastrous fire broke out last week in the little town of Asperen in South Holland. A strong wind prevailed at the time, and soon spread the flames over the larger portion of the town. The Protestant church, an interesting building dating from the fourteenth century, together with the chief public buildings of the town, and many shops and warehouses, were burned to the ground.

In South Africa, pending the expected arrival of Mr. Cecil Rhodes and Earl Grey to reorganise the administration of the Chartered Company's territories, Mashonaland and Matabililand, there is little worthy of notice to be related this week. The authorities of the Cape Colony have arrested Mr. Rutherford, agent of the De Beers Company and the Chartered Company, and Mr. Williams, manager of the De Beers diamond mines at Kimberley, upon the charge of having illegally sent large quantities of concealed rifles and ammunition from Capetown and Kimberley into the Transvaal.

The annual report to Brussels on the trade of the Congo Free State for the year 1895 shows an increase of fifteen or sixteen per cent. in the exports and imports, the chief exports being palm oil, ivory, and, india-rubber.

The Emperor of China has sent Li-Hung-Chang, the most eminent Chinese statesman, as a special envoy to attend the coronation of the Emperor Nicholas II. of Russia at Moscow in May; and the Japanese empire will also be represented on that ceremonial occasion by one of its chief grandees and by Admiral Kamagata.

## PARLIAMENT.

So far, Ministers have not disclosed their legislative policy for the session by bringing in any of their principal Bills. For some reason, they are more anxious to get on with

No. 23. SONG—(Herald) & Chorus.

FROM "THE GRAND DUKE," THE NEW OPERA BY MR. W. S. GILBERT AND SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN AT THE SAVOY THEATRE.

Supply, and their position, somewhat weakened by the discussion of Mr. Balfour's procedure resolution, has been strengthened again by the debates on the Navy Estimates. Mr. Goschen was fortunate enough to get a vote passed at a single sitting, in spite of the threatening attitude of some of the Irish members and the hostility of a certain section of the Radicals. Mr. Labouchere and Sir Wilfrid Lawson fail to see any necessity for the naval programme of the Government, though that programme is the natural outcome of the policy adopted by the Board of Admiralty under Lord Spencer. Mr. Goschen was asked whether his demands for the Navy were designed to meet the enmity of this or that Power, or of a combination of Powers. In a very persuasive speech he replied that the Government expected no attack from any particular quarter, but held that the increased expenditure was a proper provision for the protection of our widespread interests. Any preparations to meet a combination of Powers were not contemplated, and were absurd. No country could afford to embark on such an enterprise. Should England ever find herself confronted by such a danger, she would, like the ancient Greeks when threatened by a similar emergency, put her trust "in Providence and in a good Admiral." There is no doubt that the attitude of the Government on this question commands the confidence of Parliament. This week the House of Commons has affirmed by a large majority the expediency and propriety of opening museums and art galleries in the metropolis on Sundays. Sir John Lubbock, speaking on behalf of the British Museum, said that the trustees were prepared to open that institution when authorised by Parliament. The House of Lords read a second time a Bill for strengthening the law against baby-farming. As a rule, the infants in which the Peers are most interested are measures from the other House sent up by a Liberal Government; but, with the Unionists in office, their Lordships are able to bestow some paternal attention on babies put out to nurse.

## "THE GRAND DUKE," AT THE SAVOY.

On Saturday night, March 7, the new Gilbert-Sullivan opera was produced, after too long an interval, before an audience literally bursting with fervour and enthusiasm at the Savoy Theatre. Nor was that enthusiasm by any means undeserved. Never was Mr. Gilbert finer in the acrimony, the subtlety, the literary incisiveness of his wit; never so complexly simple in his plot, so ready with endless dramatically humorous situations. Never, either, was Sir Arthur Sullivan more attuned to the wit of his colleague, more inspired by the comic Muse herself, more inexhaustible in his novel combinations or in the refinement of his orchestration than upon the occasion of his latest opportunity. Therefore was the enthusiasm justified, as we shall further attempt to show.

In some quarters there has been a certain complaint that the plot of the new piece is not direct enough—is not, in fact, easy enough to understand. The gentlemen who make such a complaint find themselves, in Mr. Gilbert's own phrase, "unequal to the pressure of the conversation," a disability which they also find "extremely annoying." From this complaining crowd we beg leave entirely to dissent. All Mr. Gilbert's plots require some attention; and we fear that the present grumble has arisen from the sad but customary baldness of incident to which London has been made used during the past two years of blank musical comedy. The new plot is direct enough. It depends upon the existence of a law which runs from century to century, but, if allowed to lapse at the end of any hundred years, lapses altogether. This is the law of the "statutory duel," by which bloodshed in duelling may always be avoided. The combatants in this event draw cards from a pack; the drawer of the highest card wins, and, as a consequence, has to accept all the natural and other responsibilities of his opponent, who becomes civilly dead until the law should

lapse, if ever it should lapse. The opera opens when the century in which the law is valid has but a day to run. At Speisesaal, the capital of the Grand Duchy of Pfennig-Halbpennig, a theatrical troupe has arranged a plot to dethrone the Grand Duke and place the manager of the troupe in his place. By inadvertence the leading comedian lets the Grand Duke's detective into the secret. Only one course is open: the manager and the leading comedian must fight a "statutory duel"; the survivor must obtain pardon by turning King's evidence; the other is already civilly dead for twenty-four hours. They fight; the leading comedian wins. He flies to the Grand Duke to "peach," and finds that potentate not aggressive, but afraid of being blown up. He at once suggests that they should fight a duel, whereby the Grand Duke should become civilly dead, and he himself take the burden of explosion on his own shoulders. This is done; and, by pre-arrangement, the leading comedian wins, and at once meekly renews the statute for another century. Here the fun begins—if we may say so—in earnest. The comedian is already married; but, inasmuch as his manager has a leading lady who is engaged to play all the leading parts of their performances, the comedian, in undertaking his victim's responsibilities, has to marry her also. The Grand Duke, again, is engaged to two ladies: one of these the comedian has already married, and is about to marry the other when his game is suddenly concluded by the announcement that he has really lost all the duels, as in drawing the ace on each occasion he drew, not the highest, but the lowest card. But the twenty-four hours are over; the statute is extinct, and every Jack marries his Jill. How the leading comedian dresses his whole court in Athenian robes and leads them through endless varieties of fantastic fandangos we have not space here to describe. Let it suffice to say that, throughout, Mr. Gilbert's wit runs riot, and is always keenly tempered by a strong literary quality.

Sir Arthur Sullivan's music is, from beginning to end, full of that instinctive sense of humour, combined with that consummate knowledge of technical effects, which we have long learned to associate with his name. The first act contains charming numbers, finely various and appropriate. The burlesque conspiracy song, "By the mystic regulation of our dark Association," is a really wonderful mingling of the serious and the comic; the duet between the Baroness von Krakenfeldt and the Grand Duke is merrier in essence; and all the musical incidents attending the entrance of the Grand Duke are examples of boundless humour and resourceful skill. The madrigal, too, is extremely beautiful. But it is in the second act that Sir Arthur's genius is peculiarly manifested. Here one drinks in the music as one drinks effervescent wine. The great opening chorus is scarcely over when passage after passage of delicious melody, of sprightly humour, of original thought pours forth. Lisa's lovely song "Take care of him" is followed by Julia's exquisite "Broken every promise," and that by melodious dance and song till the act closes in a whirling world of gaiety. Take it all in all, we are of the opinion that, among the stupendous list of fourteen operas written in collaboration with Mr. Gilbert alone, the new score may rank as the highest point of Sullivan's achievement. The orchestration of the second act is of a masterly kind; and Sir Arthur Sullivan has here surpassed himself.

The performers, it is not too much to say, are worthy of their task. Madame von Palmay, as the "leading lady of the theatrical troupe," acted and sang superbly; she at one bound achieved a great London reputation. Miss Florence Perry as Lisa and Miss Emmie Owen as the Princess of Monte Carlo were both charming. Mr. Rutland Barrington, as the "leading comedian" Ludwig, surpassed himself both in his humour and in his appearance; while Messrs. Scott Fiske, Scott Russell, W. Passmore, and C. Kenningham were each, in his way, admirable. Miss Brandram could not have been bettered; and chorus and orchestra worked with an energy which was perfectly justified by their complete success.





The Herald (Mr. Hewson). The Princess of Monte Carlo (Miss Emm'e Owen). Ludwig (Mr. Rutland Barrington). Julia (Madame von Palmay). Ernest (Mr. C. Kenningham).

The Prince of Monte Carlo (Mr. Scott Fiske).

"THE GRAND DUKE," THE NEW OPERA BY MR. W. S. GILBERT AND SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN AT THE SAVOY THEATRE.

See Preceding Page.





# A FIRST FLEET FAMILY.

by Louis Becke.

A Hitherto Unpublished Narrative of Certain Remarkable Adventures  
Compiled from the Papers of Sergeant William Dew of the Marines.

## CHAPTER XXXI.

### MARY'S FIRST PUNISHMENT OVERTAKES HER.

For the next week or so we continued steadily onward, landing occasionally to rest and refresh our wearied bodies, the boat making good headway with a fair south-east wind; but we suffered dreadful misery from the continuous rain. We found that as we progressed northwards the savages increased in numbers and daring, so that we were soon obliged to resort to landing only as darkness came on, leaving our refuges for the night at dawn.

One of our companions, John Simms, who was also known as Samuel Bird, was a man of a very violent and intractable temper, and he was constantly lamenting that we had no muskets and ammunition with us wherewith to kill some of the Indians; but Will, who, although he was a courageous man, was no lover of bloodshed, rebuked him for his desire to shed blood needlessly. For this Simms gave him a saucy answer and a threatening look, and I could see that trouble was brewing, for my husband was not the man to take foul words from any man. However, he said naught at the time, but when we were landed at our next stopping-place, which Butcher told us was called Glass House Bay, he waited till we had eaten our evening meal of dried lobster and salt pork, and had set the night watch, and rose to his feet.

"John Simms," said he; and although he spoke so quietly, I knew that danger was in his voice, "this morning you told me that you were as good a man as I. Stand up and prove it."

With that they sprang at each other, but Simms was no match for my Will, who struck him but once and fractured his jaw, and then, turning to John Butcher, who stood by laughing, he reproved him sharply. It was no laughing matter, said he, for people in our perilous position to quarrel among themselves. They had made him their leader, and their leader he meant to be, unless a better man came forward.

Now this Butcher, who is, for all his sneering tongue and reckless manner, a man of proven courage, thought fit to make him an answer that brought him no good, for Will suddenly darted out his hand, and seizing him by the throat, shook him as a dog shakes a rat, Butcher the while thrusting madly at him with his knife. For a minute or so they strove madly together on the sand, and then my husband lifted the man up with both hands, and dashed him down violently upon his back, where he lay stunned and motionless beside the man with the broken jaw. But yet, after his passion was over, Will tended each of them as he would have tended a sick child, and in the morning, as we prepared to get into the boat again, John Butcher came to him and held out his hand.

"Will Bryant," said he, "let us be friends. You are a better man than any of us, and though I fear no man under the sun, yet, for the sake of these poor children, and Mary your wife, I ask pardon for my words of last night."

He was a short, square-built, and muscular man, with a face as dark as a Portugal, but his voice shook like a woman's when Will grasped his hand, and said in a choking voice, "And I ask pardon of you, John Butcher; for the sake of my wife and these poor children, forgive me, comrade, for my roughness." And with that they shook hands all round, and swore to be true to Will as long as God gave them strength to pull an oar.

In two or three days more we noticed that the sea began to get much smoother and assume a light greenish colour, and Butcher said that we had now got under the lee of the great Labyrinth Reef [the great Barrier Reef] which Lieutenant Cook had discovered, and henceforth we should have smoother seas till we reached Timor. And so

it proved; yet from this time we encountered many heavy gales from the south-east, and had to seek shelter on shore very often.

Between the latitudes of 23 deg. and 24 deg. we were driven by a strong current thirty leagues from shore, among some islands and reefs, where the boat was almost swamped and lost with us all. It was nearly dark at the time, and a squall of wind and rain struck us suddenly with great violence, and although we had the sail reefed and Butcher laid the boat to the wind, the rest of the men, except Will, cried out that our time was come, for we saw that we were come into a network of reefs, upon which the sea beat with awful fury. We tried to go about, but the boat would not stay, and there was not room to wear. It was then that John Butcher showed his courage and seamanship. In the midst of the bursting roar of the breakers and whistling wind and fierce, stinging rain, his voice sounded as calm and cool as it ever did.

"'Tis our only chance, Will; we must let go the anchor and try and club-haul her; the water is shallow enough."

And by God's mercy the plan answered, though as we went off on the larboard tack a sea half filled the boat and drenched myself and the poor infants to the skin. But though we had lost our anchor we had saved our lives, and after keeping the boat nearly with head to the wind for an hour, we found ourselves in smooth water under the lee of a great curving reef, with clear water to leeward. Towards daylight the tide ebbed, and the boat grounded on a bottom of broken coral and sand; and when the sun rose we saw that on the larboard hand were a number of small but pleasant-looking islands, which, when he could look at the chart, Butcher said were the Cumberland Islands. Exhausted as we were, we put out the oars and soon rowed into a little white and sandy beach, where, to our great joy, we found great numbers of turtles. We remained here for some days, for there were no traces of savages, and dried the flesh of many turtles, so much that this addition to our store lasted us for ten days.

From this time out we passed through many clusters of islands and networks of reefs, till we came to Whit-Sunday Pass, where we landed, and thought to rest awhile on a thickly wooded island, but found it to be swarming with very savage Indians, who assailed the boat with volleys of javelins, and uttered the most dreadful cries of rage against us, so that, wearied and thirsty as we were—for our water had run out—we pushed off again hastily and pursued our course.

All the next two days we sailed past close to the mainland, which is for the most part hereabout low and densely wooded, and with shallow, muddy foreshores. On the afternoon of the fifth day our boat sailed past Magnetical Island, but though the place looked very inviting, we dared not land, seeing the smoke of the savages' fires ascending from the beaches in various places. Fortunately, we had experienced much rain on the previous day, and had filled our small cask; only for this we should have dared the javelins of the savages.

The wind fell light that night, and when daylight broke had almost died away; so we put out the oars and rowed towards a cluster of fertile-looking islands, distant about two leagues, and which Butcher said were called the Palm Islands. And here we landed on a fair white beach, with pleasant hills in the background; and here it was that my eldest child—my boy Emanuel—gave his innocent soul to God.

For many days before, Will and I had seen that the grey shadows of death were clouding the once bright face and sweet blue eyes of our boy, and oft at night, when our boat sped silently along under the starlit sky, I would sit holding his slight, wasted form in my arms, and my tears of repentance for my mad and cruel folly would fall upon his pinched and deadly features. And, as if the dear child knew what it was that so racked my wicked heart, he would sometimes open his fast-fading eyes, and his little hand would seek mine, and give it a faint pressure, and then the white lids would droop and close again. Almost as the boat touched the sand the small, tender form trembled gently in my arms, his eyes met mine for the

last time in this world, and with a sigh that stabbed me to the heart he died.

Only that God in His mercy had yet spared to us my baby, I think that I, too, should have died on those lonely islands, for when I saw the little body of my boy placed in his sandy grave, with his small white hands crossed upon his innocent bosom, my reason left me, and I called upon God to strike me dead for the heavy sin I had done in sacrificing my first-born child.

How long we stayed on this island, which will be sacred to me till my death, I cannot tell; but I remember that even the roughest and most-hardened of the men treated me very tenderly, and even wild, reckless John Butcher took my baby in his arms and pressed its face to his, and a tear stole down his dark and rugged cheek.

We left the isle at about the time of sunset, and as we sailed slowly away from the snow-white beach into the darkness, Will, who steered, put the tiller into my hand, and, covering his face, gave a great heart-breaking sob.

## CHAPTER XXXII.

THE FUGITIVES PASS THROUGH MANY TERRIBLE DANGERS AND ARRIVE AT CONPANG IN THE DUTCH EAST INDIES.

As we sailed northward towards the Straits of Endeavour, the rainy weather that had attended us for so long in a great measure ceased, and the sun beat down upon us with great fierceness. At this stage of our journey the great line of reef that we had had on our right hand for so many hundreds of miles now began to run closer to the mainland, and we passed through vast numbers of small islands, the most of them very low and sandy, and covered with a dense verdure of shrubs; others were of greater size and had great trees upon them. Although the wind blew very strongly from the south and east, the sea was very smooth, for the great reef that was now only a few leagues distant proved an excellent barrier to the violence of the ocean waves. The coast hereabout was for the most part long stretches of beach, with dense forests behind it, and a great range of very high mountains further inland.

We seldom ventured to land on the mainland now, for the Indians were very numerous, and at night time we could see their fires at frequent intervals all along the beaches, and on the summit of the headlands. The navigation, too, was very difficult, so at night time we generally put ashore on one of the small, sandy islets, and choosing a spot sheltered from the wind, passed the night in some degree of comfort; though even here there was danger from the savages, who resorted to these places for fishing, as we often met them crossing to and fro between these islands and the mainland in small canoes.

On one occasion, though, when we were come to Cape Flattery, we had to land on the mainland to seek for water, which Butcher said we would find there; and here we had like to all have perished miserably by the savages. We had found the water, and were ready to put off again, when the tide ebbed and the boat grounded, and then great numbers of Indians appeared on some rocks that jutted down on to the beach near us and assailed us with stones and javelins. Many of their javelins came into the boat and stuck into the wood, but, by God's mercy, none of us were struck, and we all, except myself, got out into the water and so lightened the boat that we were able to drag her out into deeper water, and so escape. When we were getting our water at this place we saw many serpents about the beach and rocks, and even on the water we met with them constantly swimming about. But Butcher told us that these water-serpents were not venomous, and were indeed but a scaly eel, yet they had a very horrible appearance. On the beaches, and about the muddy shores of the mainland, there were also visible many huge crocodiles lying basking in the sun.

When we had come close to Cape Weymouth, we saw from the boat that there appeared to be water trickling down the face of some reddish-coloured rocks, and so, the landing looking easy of accomplishment, and there being no signs of Indians, Will put ashore at the end of the beach near the rocks, where we found water collected in small, rocky pools at the foot of the cliffs, but no stream or river. All along this beach we found great piles of



large, curved bones, built up in the shape of mounds. What the animal was that these bones came from we could not tell; but it was easy to see that these mounds had been placed there by the savages, for on the tops of some of them were the shells of very large turtles. We spent the earlier part of the day resting at this place, and began our voyage at noon. To avoid the strong current we kept in close to the shore, and while sailing along we passed numbers of sea-cows feeding on the shallows; but having no weapon of any sort, could not kill one to replenish our now exhausted stock of food.

We made good progress until we reached Cape Granville, where, although we saw many signs of Indians about, we were forced to land for water and search for food. My baby now began to ail for want of strengthening food; so while four of our party remained with me in the boat, which we moored within a short distance of the shore, the others set out to search for turtle and shell-fish. In a few hours they returned with a great quantity of garfish, which they had caught in a shallow pool, and James Cox brought with him a number of young, unfledged birds, which he had taken from their parents' nests in the woods. These we made a broth from by kindling a fire and heating stones, which were dropped into a tiny pool in the rocks. By doing this several times, the young birds, which had been cut in pieces, were boiled, and some of the broth, which was very strong and nutritious, was given to my infant, a spoonful at a time. To my great joy, little Charlotte drank it eagerly and soon began to mend, and so we saved all that was left for her, and put it in a gourd which we had found on the beach at Cape Weymouth. As for the flesh of the young birds, we ate that ourselves, and then it came out from Cox that he had eaten a number of them raw in the woods. This so angered Will and Butcher that Cox sprang to his feet and ran back into the woods. We thought he had deserted us, but in half an hour he came back stripped to the waist and carrying something heavy in his shirt, which was tied at the sleeves and neck so as to form a bag. Casting it down on the rocks beside us, we perceived that it was filled with dead birds, both young and old, the last about the size of a gull. He told us that when he had first found the birds his hunger had so overpowered him that he ate ravenously of nearly twenty, and that he had meant to tell us that there were many more in the same place after we had eaten those we had boiled; whereupon we forgave him. Cox, Will, and myself now set to and plucked many of the birds, which we cooked by hot stones in a large round hole in the rock, which we filled with water, and we all ate most heartily again. Later on two of the men set out again for more, and found a great rookery of many thousands of these birds just over the brow of the hill. They caught and killed nearly three hundred of the old birds, for the poor things would not desert their offspring.

At this place also we saw many herds of sea-cows feeding in the shallows between some sand-pits, but could not kill any. However, we drew the seine and caught a vast quantity of fish. These we split up and hung up to dry in the wind and sun, and although we feared a visit from the Indians, Will decided to remain at this spot for another day or two, as my baby was gaining strength every hour through the broth that we gave her every now and then.

On the third day at sunrise, with a great store of dried fish and half-cooked birds, we began our voyage again, and at dusk Will bore up for a small island distant about five miles from the main, for we feared to sail on at night by reason of the darkness and many reefs. Here, to our great joy, we found a number of turtle and caught five; two of these were of so great a size that each took the strength of four men to lift it. That night it blew very hard, and we had to unload the boat and haul her up on the beach. We then crept into the centre of the thicket on the island, and so passed the night. At daylight we found that many turtles had been ashore during the night and laid a vast number of eggs; so many, indeed, that the shell of the largest turtle we had caught could not hold them all. I beat up the yolks of some of the eggs and gave this mixture to little Charlotte, who drank it with great relish. We got away by noon from here.

We were now close to the Straits of Endeavour, and so thickly was our way studded with islets, reefs, and shoals, that we had always to land at night and wait for daylight. Sometimes we suffered severely from the swarms of mosquitoes, which were very numerous, and would not even be driven away by smoke.

Just before we rounded York Cape, which is the last headland on the coast of New South Wales, we landed on the mainland for water and filled our casks at a large fresh-water river, and here some of our party suffered great bodily agony by touching the leaves of a tree. It seems that Nathaniel Lilley, James Cox, and William Morton spied, walking about in a thicket, a great bird covered with black hair and with a horned head, and thinking to catch it, they all three gave chase. In about half an hour they all returned in great agony, and said that in chasing the bird they had brushed against the leaves of trees with large, glossy leaves, very beautiful and harmless to look at, but wherever these leaves had touched their skins they soon began to feel as if red-hot irons had seared their flesh. Indeed, they were in such dreadful pain that

night that Lilley was quite out of his senses, and the others almost as bad; and the pains continued for a long time after.

We rounded York Cape with a strong wind from the E.S.E., and brought to for the night in a little bay on the western side, so as to stow our boat better for the voyage across the open sea to Timor, which Butcher said was straight to the westward from York Cape.

That night we rowed the boat to a sandbank some distance from the shore, for we saw many Indians armed with spears watching us from the mainland. There was much driftwood on the sandbank, and we lit a fire, and then, after we had eaten our evening meal of dried flesh and drunk our allowance of water, Butcher and Will spread out the Dutchman's chart on the sand. We all gathered round in silence, and then when Butcher showed us the vast open space of ocean we had yet to pass over before we reached Timor, our hearts sank within us. But Will and Butcher cheered us up by telling us that although three hundred leagues was a long way, yet, as we should not have many places to touch at, we should reach Timor all the sooner. So with that we were content, though that night none of us slept; for we could hear the savages making a great outcry on the mainland, and feared they might come off in canoes and attack us.

It was in Will and Butcher's minds for us to steer due west for Timor, but for the fear that if we met with foul winds our water might give out; so instead of this we steered west and by south, so as to cross a great gulf shown on the chart [the Gulf of Carpentaria], touched on the coast of New Holland again to replenish our provisions and water, and then steered a north-westerly course to Timor.

I will not here weary you with all our further sufferings, but will bring the account of our voyage to an end. We crossed the gulf safely and found abundance of turtle, fish, and water on the coast on the other side, which we followed, I think, for about fourteen or fifteen days before we finally left it. This part of New Holland is truly a dreadful country, for all the shores are muddy and full of crocodiles, and the woods infested with serpents; and though we saw but few Indians here, we were often chased by a new race of savages, in large canoes, fitted with sails and great fighting stages, and sometimes holding thirty men in each. These we escaped by rowing hard to windward, and so with such adventures, and with my poor Will suffering from a malignant fever, which came upon him the day we left the coast, and my little Charlotte ailing from want of nourishment, we at last reached Conpang, the name of the Dutch settlement at Timor, more dead than alive.

#### CHAPTER XXXIII.

A VERY HEAVY PUNISHMENT IS METED OUT TO MARY, AND THE FUGITIVES AGAIN BECOME PRISONERS.

We reached Conpang on the fifth of June, and landed there in the afternoon. There was a great assemblage of both white and black people to see us land, and I have no doubt but that our appearance was very strange and deplorable. The skins of nearly every one of us was burnt to a dark brown colour, and Butcher, Lilley, and William Morton looked more like wild animals than human beings. As for me, I was very weak, and could scarcely hold my little Charlotte in my arms, and poor Will, who was now suffering terribly from the fever and violent shivering fits, which came on him every few hours, had to be carried out of the boat.

As soon as we were landed, the Dutch people were very kind to us, and we gave out that our party were the survivors of an English vessel wrecked on her way to Port Jackson from the coast of America, and also added, which was true enough, that we had been in the boat for ten weeks all but one day. Butcher, we said, was one of the officers, and Will and I were passengers.

The Dutch Governor, Timotheus Wangon, Esquire, treated us all very well, and sent a doctor to attend upon Will. He also sent an Indian woman to attend upon me and little Charlotte, and provided me with some wine and a baked fowl for my immediate wants; the rest of the men were also given good food, and a change of clothes was brought to each by a Dutch soldier.

Perhaps all would have gone well with us after all, but, after we had been at Conpang nearly three months, Butcher and Morton and John Simms, who were lodged in a house near the soldiers' quarters, were one night talking over our escape, and by and by their tongues being loosened by some drams of an ardent spirit given to them by one of the soldiers, they got careless and talked very loudly. Presently there came outside the house a Dutch merchant captain and a Dutch trader from Ternate, who, it seems, both spoke English, and had come to visit the shipwrecked English sailors out of curiosity. But these two had heard a word or two fall from Butcher which made them wait outside and listen for more, and they soon heard enough to convince them that we were escaped convicts from Botany Bay. So away they went to the Governor and told him.

This happened on the twenty-ninth of August, and, strange to say, it was on that very day that there reached Conpang, Captain Edwards and the crew of the *Pandora*, a King's ship, which had been cast away on the coast of New Holland. Among them were also some prisoners,

part of the mutineer crew of Lieutenant Bligh's ship. It seems that when Mr. Bligh had reached England the Government had sent out the *Pandora* to search for these mutineers, and they had been found and seized at an island in the South Seas. Three or four of them had perished miserably in their irons when the *Pandora* went down; the rest were brought to Conpang. As soon as Captain Edwards heard the story of the Dutch Governor about us being suspected as escaped convicts, he got Mr. Wangon to have us seized, and in a very brief time we were all, save myself, seized, heavily ironed, and cast into prison with the men from the *Bounty*.

Poor Will, who was still in a very weak state, only had time to kiss me and little Charlotte farewell, when he was torn from me, and taken with the others, and I, distracted woman that I was, was put into a prison apart from him.

In a few days the King's officer chartered a ship belonging to the Dutch East India Company, and named the *Hornwey*, to take us with his ship's company and the other prisoners to Batavia, from where he hoped to get another ship to take us to the Cape of Good Hope.

And so, once more with clanking gyves upon their fettered limbs, my unfortunate companions in misery were placed on board the Dutch ship. I was not placed in irons myself by that stern and cruel King's officer, but, with my child in my arms, was allowed to sit down on the main-deck of the ship, so that I was at least near my dear husband. The Dutch sailors were kind to me; and one managed to get the sentry over us to turn away his head while he slipped a bottle of milk into my hand for little Charlotte, who could not understand why her father sat there with his face bowed upon his knees, and tried to crawl over to him.

To me that voyage in the *Hornwey* was a very dreadful one. I could see that my husband was dying before my eyes, and yet could not even go near him to pillow his weary head upon my breast, for the sentry had orders not to let me speak to any of my companions—no, not even my own dear Will.

One night the *Hornwey* lay becalmed. It was very dark and hot, and even in the open air we poor prisoners could scarce breathe. There was not a sound to be heard save the grating of the prisoners' irons upon the deck when they moved their aching limbs. Presently I saw James Cox, who had been very quiet and sad all day, rise upon his knees, and moving very gently so that the sentry could not hear him, crawl up to Will and whisper a word or two in his ear, and their manacled hands met for a minute. Then, looking round to where I lay upon a grating, he beckoned me to him. I crept over, carrying my baby with me.

"Mistress Bryant," said he in a whisper, "give me your hand. I shall be a dead man before morning."

"Don't say that, James," I said. "See how my poor Will bears up, ill as he is!"

"Mistress Bryant, 'tis better for us all to die as soon as we can. But give me your hand, good woman—and, hush! make no noise, but give me the brat to kiss."

I held my sleeping baby's face to his, and he pressed his lips to her forehead; and then he suddenly raised himself erect, and, his chains making a great noise, clambered to the ship's side and sprang overboard. May God forgive me his death!

There was a great outcry made, but, of course, the poor man had sunk like a stone; so no boat was lowered. But that the others might not follow his example, they were chained to ringbolts in the deck. That night a very furious storm burst upon us with terrible rain, and in the morning William Morton lay dead and stiff in his irons. He was never a very strong man, and the sufferings he had undergone in the boat had quite broken his health, even as it had Will's. And soon after John Simms followed him. He died very quietly, and, indeed, we did not know he was dead till the sentry called to him to look up, as Captain Edwards was coming. But the man made no answer, and Will, who was next to him, said to the sentry in a weak voice—

"He can't look up; he has just breathed his last."

At last we reached Batavia, and here I was to feel that God's hand is indeed heavy to those who sin as I have sinned.

Will was now so weak that even our stern superiors took pity on him, and he was sent to the soldiers' hospital, where I was allowed to go with him. It was a long, narrow building with a thatched roof, and though the furniture was very poor it was yet neat and clean. He was placed upon a pallet, and a Dutch doctor, who spoke some English, came and looked at him.

"Are you his wife?" he said to me kindly, and he motioned me to bring a wooden stool and sit near the bed. Then he whispered to me that he would not last long.

I did not think that Will had heard him, but he did, for his poor, wasted hand sought mine, and he spoke.

"Mary, my girl. . . God keep you, for I shall soon be gone. 'Tis hard to die thus, dear wife. . . to leave you and the little one."

I sought to answer him through my tears, and bending down kissed his lips, and in his dear eyes I saw that the dark shadows of death were gathering fast, and that his breath came very slowly after each word.



At the foot of the bed stood a Dutch sergeant who, at a sign from the doctor, placed a drink of wine to his lips. He drank and then lay back again, but his eyes turned to me so piteously that, as I held his hand in mine, I could not see his face for my tears. He pressed my hand tenderly, and then, turning to the doctor, begged to be allowed to see little Charlotte, whom I had not been allowed to bring into the hospital.

The good doctor nodded to the Sergeant, and the soldier went out and brought in an Indian wench, who carried the child in her arms.

"Mary, my wife, come here, dear one," said Will to me, and he tried to smile; "place the little one in my arms." But even as he spoke, and I gave the infant into his weak arms, the tears of the father gathered in his eyes and ran down his cheeks. For a moment or so he lay quiet with the child's cheek pressed to his and his gaunt, bony arms clasped gently round her little body. Then, with one last look of love for me, he gave a heavy sigh and died.

And so God punished me.

The next day Captain Edwards hired the *Rambang*, a Dutch vessel, which brought us to the Cape of Good Hope. And so we wretched ones who remain were brought on board this ship, and now, all I ask is that when we reach England, and my just punishment by the laws of man shall begin, that my remaining infant may be cared for and preserved from such a fate as has befallen me. I ask, too, that those of my companions who remain may be dealt with mercifully, since 'tis I, and I alone, who have brought them to this sad pass.

(To be continued.)

### ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

Churchmen in Leeds have raised for voluntary schools £40,000 in the last five years, and they are now appealing for another £15,000.

The Bishop of Ripon has returned home quite recovered from the sharp attack of influenza which he experienced while abroad. The Dean of Ripon, who has been confined to his house, has gone away for rest and change.

The Rev. T. P. Pollock has been appointed to succeed his brother, the late J. S. Pollock, of Birmingham, and appears to be well qualified to carry on his work. He has been elected by the parishioners contrary to his own wishes and inclination.

Two former curates of Hawarden, the Rev. Harry Drew and the Hon. and Rev. A. V. Lyttelton, are to visit the Holy Land together. Mr. Lyttelton has worked for several years in South Africa.

Mr. Gladstone says that with the exception of the hymn, "Rock of Ages," Toplady only wrote eight lines of real poetry—the well-known lines beginning "Lord, it is not life to live."

Professor Weber, of Bonn, has been elected Bishop of the Old Catholics in succession to the late Bishop Reinkens. Professor Weber's scholarly attainments are well known.

In Canterbury Cathedral the Three Hours' Service will be held this Good Friday for the first time. Canon Wilberforce will be the preacher.

The Archbishop of York's Hours of Sale Bill, which meets with considerable Church support, closes public houses on Sunday except for one hour from one to two o'clock. This applies to the metropolitan district. In the country and in other towns, the sale will be restricted to the hour between 12.30 and 1.30.

A chancel door is to be erected in Hawarden Parish Church as a memorial to the late Mr. W. H. Gladstone. The cost will be borne by the brothers of the deceased—the Rev. S. E. Gladstone, Mr. H. J. Gladstone, and Mr. H. N. Gladstone.

Bishop Wilkinson, of St. Andrews, who was formerly so well known in London, has been visiting St. Petersburg. He was very cordially received by the Metropolitan Palladius, at whose residence he arrived vested in his cope, and preceded by a cross-bearer. After a long and cordial conversation, the Metropolitan presented Bishop Wilkinson with a picture of the Saviour, and on his departure gave him the accolade twice repeated.

Dean Hole, of Rochester, is as strongly opposed to teetotalism as ever. In an apology for being unable to be present at the dinner of the South London Licensed Victuallers' Association, he said that he much appreciated the compliment of invitation, and would gladly have testified his sympathy with the association and his antipathy to tyranny and cant.

Ian Maclaren, who has won such fame for his Scottish idylls, is to publish a popular book on the teaching of Christ, which is to be entitled "The Mind of the Master." The volume expressly appeals to the laity, and is to be got up in æsthetic style.

### FROM A SCOTTISH WORKSHOP.

BY ANDREW LANG.

All the world may not share my infatuation for the Unpublished, my passion for *l'inédit*. But most people who, as Carlyle says, "have possessions in the past" take a certain interest in Madame de Pompadour. I therefore translate a letter of the lady's written in 1751 to the Duchesse de Broglie. The note is much funnier and more naïve in French; but the extraordinary increase of Country Gentlemen (owing to the gratifying spread of Education) makes it desirable to translate everything from every foreign language. Madame de Pompadour wrote an ugly, ill-mannered hand, which is strange, on paper like vellum, and she actually sealed with the royal seal. Low had the Lilies fallen!—

Dear Duchesse de Broglie,—That holy man, the Archbishop of Paris, is always giving trouble, and he positively afflicts the King on my account! How different the Archbishop is from your great uncle!

How I do hate these priests who thus torture Louis the Well Beloved! And they say that it is in the cause of God!

I received the visit of the Ambassador of their High and Mightinesses, who presented me with the compliments of their Republic. The Hollanders are awkward people, but one merit they have—they are rich.

In old times, virtue and valour constituted merit, but everything is altered nowadays.

his mother's friend, and he would have nothing to say to the woman who supplanted her. It was magnificent, but it was not business, and did his cause much harm.

Speaking of foreign languages, Mr. Jacks has published a work on "Burns in Other Tongues." Monsieur Sladek has done the bard into Czech, a speech with which I am totally unacquainted. M. Sladek erroneously remarks that Robbie "never set foot across the border of his native land." He did; he went to Carlisle, and there was a girl there. But let us use the formula of Mr. Kipling. Here is "Auld Lang Syne" in Czech—

Tak dávno, brachu muj  
Tak dávno jiz,  
Vsak erdecne si pripijem  
Na—Dávno jiz.

Here "tak" and "na" are the only words one recognises, and they do not seem to occur exactly where one expects them. But it is pleasant to think of the bold Czechs taking a "wulliewaught" in Tokay toddy. Burns used an old tune, Jacobite in one form—

And he wha did proud Pharaoh crush  
And save auld Jacob's line,  
Our Charles shall speak to in the bush  
For auld lang syne.

There are German and Russian and French versions of Robbie. I wonder that no devotee ever translated the life of the bard by M. Angellier, of Lisle. Speaking as an outcast, for whatever I write on Burns rouses some fanatic or other, I think M. Angellier's *Life* the best. Lockhart never carried out his idea of doing a more full and complete biography than that which is still the best in English. Burns also exists in Italian, in Welsh, and in Gaelic, whatever, in Frisian, Swedish, and other vernaculars.

The *Spectator* log-book assures us that the elements of primitive religion were not absent in Curly, a mongrel. For years he buried bones by the grave of Dutch, a brown retriever, his friend. But did not Curly bury bones there or thereabouts before Dutch was entombed? If not, the anecdote is a pearl for Mr. Herbert Spencer, as it indicates canine belief in a future life for hounds. "And what for no?" A dog belonging to a brother of mine committed suicide. Because it was in disgrace, or for some other reason, he did not take it out rabbit-shooting one day in Australia. The animal went and drowned itself in a tank: so my kinsman avers. As the spooks of dogs are quite common (instances could be given on the best authority) I myself have little doubt that dogs are admitted to that equal sky where, I hope, cats have also leave to enter. The dogs are probably of the same opinion.

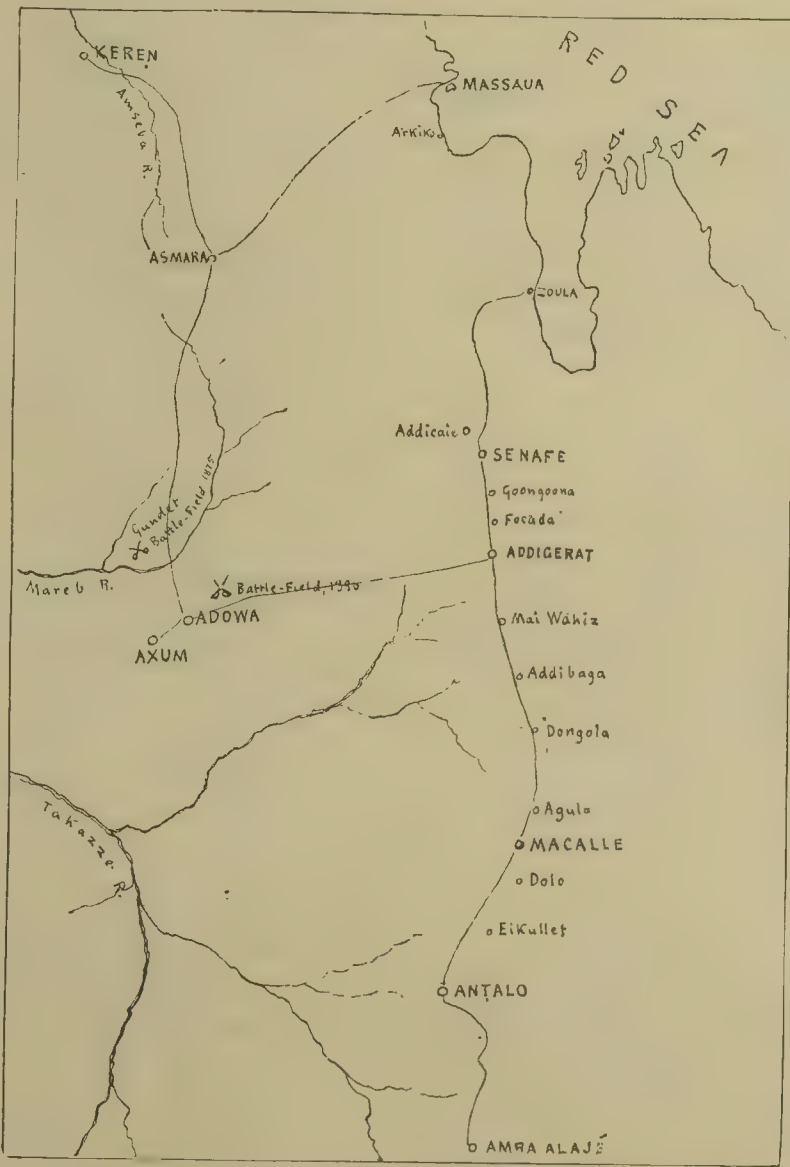
I could not have believed it possible! Some weeks ago, "in another place," I wrote some "Answers to Lady Correspondents," burlesques of the ordinary things in ladies' papers. In answer to one fair inquirer I said that I could not tell her whence came the line, "Life is real, life is earnest"; it sounded like Macaulay. And now people write to me from Dundee and elsewhere to say that the words are from Longfellow's "Psalm of Life." Oh, Dundee! Oh, my fellow-countrymen! The figure of irony is wasted on your innocent minds. My design was to mock at the ignorance which is constantly asking the

source of the most hackneyed quotations. The other man, not the Dundee wit, writes from Plymouth; but he may be a Scot.

The *Record* says that there is at Cambridge a mysterious society containing some 1200 members, whose chief object is to spread the Catholic faith. By this is meant, we suppose, High Church views. A High Church paper denies the existence of such a league.

The reviews continue to be filled with articles on Cardinal Manning from all points of view. Perhaps the ablest and calmest defence is that by Mr. Bernard Holland in the *National Review*. Mr. Holland compares Manning's reticence as to his gradual conversion to the Roman Catholic Church with Mr. Gladstone's silent and slow change of attitude towards Home Rule.

A meeting of members and supporters of the London Municipal Society was held on March 5 at the Foresters' Hall, Goswell Road, with Mr. H. C. Richards, M.P., in the chair, for the discussion of the future local government of London. Mr. Richards pointed out that there was a possibility of the settlement of this important question by the present Parliament by the promotion of a decentralising policy, and by the extension of the present boundaries of the city to the outlying districts. The chairman urged the importance of combination among London's Parliamentary representatives and local authorities for the consideration of a scheme for the local government of London.



SKETCH-MAP OF ITALIAN OPERATIONS IN ABYSSINIA.

The places between Senafé and Antalo which were Military Stations at the time of Lord Napier's Expedition are indicated by smaller type.

There was play yesterday in the rooms of the King, who won a good deal, but there was a scene which I disliked. The King had a great heap of gold before him. He happened to push a louis d'or off the table with his sleeve, and stooped to pick up the coin. The Duc d'Aiguillon, noticing this, let a hundred louis fall on purpose, and did not deign to notice it.

The King said, "Why don't you pick up your money?" "Bagatelle!" said the Duke. "The people who sweep the floors may have it."

The King felt the point of the sarcasm and left the game; but the Duke knows—nobody better—that the King is not avaricious; it is not in his nature.

Mademoiselle de Rondan is our chief ornament at Court with her beauty and her goodness. All your people are perfect, like yourself.

Adieu! If you are not ungrateful, my dear Duchesse, come and see me and love me always. MARQUISE DE POMPADOUR.

Versailles, June 6, 1751.

Is this not a jewel of a letter! The cruel, tormenting behaviour of the Archbishop, the inconsiderate way in which he agitated Louis the Well-Beloved about Madame de Pompadour, his absurd pretext about "the cause of God" forsooth, the bitter contrast between his conduct and that of Madame de Broglie's kinsman; the clumsiness of the Dutch, their wealth, the lament for virtue and valour, uttered by Madame de Pompadour in a mercenary age—it is all magnificent. Thackeray could not have invented it and put it in the mouth of a female Barry Lyndon. Think of King and Court and people submitting to this woman! think of the proud, brave Empress calling cousins with her! And who refused to bow the knee to Baal, to Jezebel—who but Prince Charlie? He sent back the billets of the enchantress; the Queen of France was



# THE INSURRECTION IN CUBA.



MORRO CASTLE, HAVANA, STORMED BY THE ENGLISH IN 1762.



GENERAL WEYLER,  
COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE SPANISH TROOPS IN CUBA.



THE PRADO, WITH THE FOUNTAIN OF INDIA, HAVANA.



GENERAL VIEW OF HAVANA.





THE ASHANTI EXPEDITION: THE FALL OF A FETISH.

*Drawn by our Special Artist, Mr. H. C. Seppings Wright.*

*An incident in the destruction of one of the sacred groves of Ashanti is here depicted. The trees of the grove were blown down by the Engineers after the following fashion. Fire holes were bored into a tree and were charged with gun-cotton. The bugles then sounded the alarm, and, the men having withdrawn to a safe distance, the charges were exploded by means of electricity. The great tree then fell, cut through as cleanly as though by a knife. The size of many of these trees may be estimated from the fact that most of their branches had to be severed by the same means after the trunk had been felled.*



## THE LAND OF THE GOLDEN NUGGET

BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. JULIUS M. PRICE.

FOURTEENTH AND LAST LETTER.

## A GLIMPSE AT THE MURCHISON GOLD-FIELDS.

Some four miles before Cue is reached, and constituting, as it were, a suburb of the metropolis of Murchison, is the Day Dawn mining camp of the Consolidated Murchison Gold-mines, Limited. Here is situated the property which has given the name to the place, and one of the most famous of the many big claims of the district. Having visited so many of the principal mines on the "other side," as the Coolgardie district is here termed, I naturally desired to see what they had to show over here, so broke my journey and made my way up to the works. Standing on the brow of a hill and domineering the small township which has sprung up round it, the Day Dawn Mine presents quite an imposing appearance, and looks more like business than any I had yet seen in the colony. Mr. Knusten and Captain Wallace, who look after the interests of the big English company which owns the property, received me with what I may now call "the usual courtesy"; for with but one exception I have always found mine-managers out here only too anxious to assist me in my work, and, at the same time, back up their kindness by the greatest hospitality. The Day Dawn reef is perhaps one of the most phenomenally large and well-defined of any of a similar character, not only in the Murchison district, but in all Western Australia, and there are many years of workable stone in sight. It is of a mottled, bluish colour, and though not what one may call a sensational lode, it is a good solid old-fashioned kind of mine which will pay dividends for a long time to come, from all accounts; and since it has been working steadily now for two and a half years, with always the same average returns, its stability appears assured. It may be of interest to mention that they are using here Sulman's new bromo-cyanide process for extracting the gold. By this means, I believe, the most refractory ore is successfully treated. Although Day Dawn is only, as it were, a suburb of Cue, it is amusing to learn the amount of jealousy which exists between the two places, it being said that the first has the principal mines, but the second is in the proud position of having not only a Mayor and the Government offices, but also among its residents the Warden of the district. No wonder they are at daggers drawn!

The town of Cue itself reminded me very much of Coolgardie; it looks, indeed, like a slice of Bailey Street, but is without the life and bustle which so characterise that thoroughfare. There are, however, many more mines quite close to the principal street. Several of the houses are built of stone, which gives it here and there a more finished appearance perhaps, but the iron roofs take one back at once to the period of primitive structures. The Government buildings in course of erection promise, when finished, to be a fairly handsome block (for Cue), but the architecture is too undecided and the effect too straggling for the result

unpretentious, has stone walls into which are let at intervals "specimens" from various surrounding mines, and in the bright sunlight the gold glistens with a very curious effect, as may be imagined. In the interior of the building the altar and the cross are also made of gold ore, the pieces forming the latter being exceptionally rich and therefore valuable. All these specimens were presented by mine-owners and others in the district. I recommend this charming sentiment to other places on the Coolgardie side of the fields when they have time to think of building churches.

Water is fairly plentiful all round Cue, and though somewhat brackish in taste, is, I believe, wholesome

"reeks" with gold, and big finds are being made daily. However, man proposes but God disposes! A slight attack of diarrhoea, contracted probably by eating so much tinned food and drinking indifferent water, developed into dysenteric symptoms which, in a country where typhoid fever is so prevalent, were not to be treated lightly, so, acting on medical advice, I determined to curtail my tour and make all haste back to the capital. It was provoking, but could not be helped, though I had the consolation of having at least been able to get a glimpse, as it were, of Murchison. My return thus completed my trip through Western Australia.

It had been my intention on starting from England to



A SKETCH IN CUE, MURCHISON GOLD-FIELDS.

enough when once one gets used to it, the first effects producing symptoms the reverse of agreeable; for mining purposes it is, of course, capital, and considerably lessens the cost of working the fields. The principal drawback appears to be the scarcity of good timber, the mulgaree, which is the principal growth of the surrounding bush, being practically useless for mining purposes. Many of the principal companies have, however, introduced iron for the "poppet heads," so the difficulty may be thus considered obviated.

The hotels at Cue are not yet on a par with those on the "other side," and to say I have been in cleaner would not be to exaggerate; in fact, it is probably in no small measure owing to the disregard of many of those sanitary measures which go to make life endurable in these rough

write a series of articles which would form a full and comprehensive work on the colony, but a very few weeks out here convinced me of the hopelessness of such a task, not from the point of view of its magnitude, but from the fact that the entire country is at the present moment in a state of transition, and therefore not in the position of being "written up," if I may so call it, with any degree of accuracy. It is, of course, highly interesting to note the vast strides Western Australia has made during the past few months, solely as a result of the unprecedented success of the gold-fields, for it would be idle to deny that this remarkable era of prosperity is due to any other cause. New towns, and even districts, have sprung up as if by magic, where so recently as on my arrival here three months ago was but unopened bush, and by the time this goes to press famous and flourishing mining camps will fill up the blank spaces on the maps of the colony, and still further help to increase the popularity of what is undoubtedly the biggest gold-bearing country in the world.

Under such conditions, and coming out here simply as an artist and journalist, not as a mining expert, it will be readily understood that in attempting to make anything but a series of sketchy notes on Western Australia at the present time I should have been undertaking an impossibility; and, as a matter of fact, most of those I have made during my interesting tour are, as it were, already obsolete, so rapidly have events shaped themselves. My hasty notes and jottings must therefore only be taken as intended to give the English reader a peep, as it were, into this vast and, till so recently, but little known continent.

In view of the interesting fact that no fewer than eleven members of the House of Lords are, during the current year, discharging the civic functions of the mayoral office, the March number of the new monthly issue of the *Album* devotes to the subject of "Titled Mayoresses" an article illustrated with portraits of the wives of the noblemen who are thus showing their good citizenship. Among the other features of a most varied and attractive number are an article on the historic beauties of Rouen and Falaise, accompanying some graceful sketches by Mr. Will B. Robinson; an interview with Mr. George Henschel, the popular composer and conductor, and his talented wife, containing many interesting facts connected with their musical career; a copiously illustrated article on "The Prisoner of Zenda" at the St. James's Theatre; and a description of the chief characteristics of the Pioneer Club, forming the first of a series of studies of "Feminine Clubland." An appreciation of Mr. R. Caton Woodville's work appears in the series of articles on "Artists of the Illustrated Press." The several short stories are fresh and entertaining; but the chief distinction of the number lies in its four supplement plates, which are charming reproductions in mezzotint of pictures by Yeend King and other popular artists.



ON THE ROAD TO COOLGARDIE: THE TERMINUS OF THE RAILROAD EXTENSION AT BORABBIN.

to be considered quite an artistic success. A feature, if I may so call it here, is the church, for up on the gold-fields places of worship are few and far between, the drinking-saloon being the temple, where the god is Gold. It was pleasing to note in this still rough district the attempts which have been made to beautify this house of God. The building, which is small and

and new places that fever was, if anything, more prevalent at Cue at the time of my visit than in any other place I had been to. It was not a place to go to unless one was in the soundest of health, as I soon discovered. I had intended spending some little time there, and making a careful tour of the surrounding districts as far as Nannine—for from all accounts the country everywhere



## NOTES ON BOOKS.

The most striking and the ablest volume in "The New Irish Library" (Unwin)—perhaps we should except Mr. Standish O'Grady's "Bog of Stars," but no other—is Mr. Richard Ashe King's *Swift in Ireland*. Some of the writers in the "Library" would seem to be afraid of being discovered to be Irishmen, in so restrained and even so arid a way have they written. Mr. King has no such fear. With full knowledge of the man and his time, after an independent study of both, he lets himself loose. The volume will, we believe, be of permanent value and interest. This must be acknowledged even by those who do not subscribe to the statement here that Swift's work in Ireland was the greatest work of his life. That work is keenly scrutinised, his motives for it scanned closely, and Swift's attitude to Ireland and to the English Government respectively, most complicated and very easily misunderstood as both of them were, are expounded in a masterly way. That one of the most sympathetic books on Swift, who said of Ireland, "I happened to be dropped there, and was a year old before I left it, and to my sorrow did not die before I came back to it," should be written by an Irishman, is significant. The description of his settling to the work of Irish reform in the spirit of Coriolanus, virtually saying to the Irish nation—

Make my misery serve thy turn; so use it  
That my revengeful services may prove  
As benefits to thee,

finely illuminates the situation. But Mr. King goes behind both the words of Swift's detractors and of Swift himself, and finds there a man who certainly did not love Ireland, but who loathed oppression, who "created a soul under the ribs of death" through his own intense hatred of tyranny, injustice, and corruption." He is not sentimentalised over, but the "bad heart" explanation of his misanthropy is declared and proved to be the wrong one.

*On the Structure of Greek Tribal Society.* An Essay by Hugh E. Seebohm. (Macmillan and Co.)—In a work of considerable scholarship and of equal moderation Mr. Seebohm traces the origin and gradual development of Tribal Society among the Greeks. The qualification for citizenship as much as for the tribal privilege was a question of parentage. As the tribe sprang from an ancestral family, so the conglomeration of the tribes formed the corporate body of the city. The Greeks, whatever their form of government or political creed, were a conservative people, and the democratic Athenian was no less proud and no less jealous of his blood, his family, and his race privileges than his oligarchical rival of Lacedæmon. The tribe was held together by the triple bond of blood, religion, and maintenance. To the Greek no duty was so sacred as the conservation and perpetuation of his family, and for the crime of slaying one's kindred no ransom could atone: death was the penalty. The responsibility of an individual's action was, to a large extent, borne by his fellow-tribesmen, and, as in the case of the powerful family of the Alcæonidae, the taint of guilt outlasted the culprit's generation. The need of such succession was strongly insisted upon, and the laws relating to it were many and stringent. The "Ordinances of Manu," which, although of uncertain date, are yet fairly reliable as to the customs obtaining among Eastern peoples, are almost identical with the Greek laws in this respect. In Jewish laws we find the same provision "that the children of Israel may enjoy every man the inheritance of his fathers." The Greek woman had many duties and few privileges. Irrespective of her own feelings, the heiress was bound to marry her next-of-kin and so preserve the property. In the "Ordinances of Manu" there is this regulation concerning women: "In her childhood [a girl] should be under the will of her father; in her youth, of her husband; her husband being dead, of her sons; a woman should never enjoy her own will." Mr. Seebohm has marshalled his facts with great skill, and his arguments are advanced with moderation and force.

*A Handbook of Greek Sculpture.* By Ernest Arthur Gardner, M.A., late Fellow of Gonville and Caius College, Cambridge, and formerly Director of the British School of Archaeology at Athens. (Macmillan and Co.)—Into a volume of some 250 pages, Mr. Gardner, whose scholarly antecedents speak for themselves, has compressed an account, historical, biographical, and critical, of Greek sculpture, from its rude beginnings in the wooden statuary of the primitive ages of Hellas to its culmination in the works of Phidias. Gleaning mostly, of course, from ancient authors, he owes important obligations to the best modern books, German and English, on the subject. It may be safely predicted, from the learning, knowledge of art, and literary skill exhibited in it, that, when completed, this will be the standard English handbook of Greek sculpture. Among its many excellent illustrations is a reproduction, of course on a reduced scale, of the supposed Roman copy, now in the National Museum at Athens, of one of Phidias's masterpieces, the Athena Parthenos (Maiden Minerva).

The "Badminton Library" (Longmans) now includes a volume devoted to *Dancing*, carefully compiled by Mrs. Lilly Grove and other writers, and profusely illustrated with work by Percy Macquoid, together with many reproductions of interesting engraving prints and photographs. While dealing with the historical side of the pastime, Mrs. Grove is very happy, for she succeeds in presenting the most attractive results of what must have been laborious research. She recognises the value and significance of the dance among primitive races, and suggests matters for careful study when discussing the common features in measures of countries having apparently no connecting link. For all these things an interested public is indebted to Mrs. Grove, and it therefore seems unfortunate that she has not devoted her work to fact, and refrained altogether from indulgence in theory. Her remarks on skirt-dancing and ballet-dancing cannot commend themselves to students of one or the other; the descriptions of dances in modern Europe are often incomplete, sometimes unsympathetic, and in one instance scarcely accurate. The careful reader is forced to conclude that Mrs. Grove has undertaken a task

that is too arduous for any single individual. Every country has its peculiar and distinctive dances, and these measures only yield their full significance and charm to the patient and leisured student. "I have come to the conclusion that an exhaustive history of the dance would be the work of a lifetime," writes the authoress in an introductory chapter, and the truth of the remark is very apparent. The book is interesting but incomplete. Each country wherein dancing is powerful for sacred or secular purposes is worthy of as much individual study as has been bestowed upon all the countries together; therefore, while amusement and instruction may be obtained from the volume under notice, a thoroughly exhaustive history remains unwritten.

*Reynard the Fox.* By Joseph Jacobs. (Macmillan.)—It needs a nimble hand and a light pick to dig in the burrows of folk-lore. Mr. Joseph Jacobs has not Mr. Andrew Lang's elusive humour, or that easy style of his which is so difficult to annex; but he is learned and painstaking, and if children skip his introduction to this version of "The Most Delectable History of Reynard the Fox" and hurry to the story, parents will skip the story and consider the introduction. The story of Reynard and his naughty deeds, in one form or another, dates back hundreds of years. With "Æsop" it shares the distinction of being a piece of folk-lore raised to literature. Mr. Jacobs has followed the late Sir Henry Cole's version, who, under the pen-name of "Felix Summerley," gave a reprint of "Reynard" to the world, with other children's books, in the days when publishers were leisurely people. Fruits fail, love dies, time ranges, authors expire, but the popularity of the fox as a literary character goes on for ever. He is for all time. He is immortal. The wretch does everything that a good citizen should not do. He lies, he kills, he robs, he deceives; but he does these bad things with so excellent a grace, so humorously, and so cunningly that when in the last chapter King Lion forgives Mr. Fox all things and makes him the greatest in the land, one feels somehow that the promotion is proper, the honour deserved. Mr. Frank Calderon has made some amusing little illustrations for the text, and, whoever has bought the Cranford "Æsop" should add this companion volume to the nursery bookshelf.

"Where are all the wicked people buried?" asked a small boy who had been reading the inscriptions in a churchyard. And, as a rule (for we do not forget the publication of that veracious book, "Twelve Bad Men") biographies suggest the same question. Not that the present example, *Life and Letters of G. J. Romanes*, by his widow (Longmans), invites such comment; for probably a more blameless life, one in which the religious note was dominant from first to last, was never spent than that of the biologist whose prematurely closed career is told by a skilful and sympathetic pen. Though cut off in his prime, Romanes's years were long and active enough to permit him to make one or two notable contributions to science. To this Darwin testifies in the letters from him which enrich this volume.

Mr. Rowland Prothero has edited the *Letters and Verses of Arthur Penrhyn Stanley*, penned between the years 1829 and 1881 (John Murray). The verses, which include a prize poem and a metrical narrative of the hunting of a bear by the Prince of Wales, are not of much account; but there are many characteristic things in the correspondence. The description of a sermon by Spurgeon, who offended Dean Stanley's fastidious taste in every sentence, and yet appealed to his sense of humour and sagacity, is not more notable for its suggestion of tolerance and breadth than the story of Jenny Lind's visit to Norwich, where the association of a public singer with good works seems to have caused some searching of hearts. As in all Dean Stanley's writings, there is a wholesome absence of obtrusive clericalism.

Mr. John Lane has done more than any publisher, perhaps, to float the modern woman in literature—a strange, piercing sort of writing it often is; and it has become almost his duty to provide a key to the situation, a commentary on his texts. That is supplied in *Das Buch der Frauen*, by Fru Hansson (the wife of the author of "Young O'feg's Ditties"), which has been rendered into English by Miss Hermione Ramsden, under the title of "Modern Woman." In a preface, which will remove the prejudice of many people, the translator explains that Fru Hansson looks on life through the spectacles of a happy marriage; that she considers marriage to be absolutely indispensable to every woman; that she upholds woman's influence as woman. With this premise clearly before her, she sketches six modern women—Sonia Kovalevsky, the Russian mathematician; Amalie Skram, a Norwegian exponent of naturalism; Fru Leffler, a Swedish woman's-rights woman; Marie Baskirtseff; and, most interesting of all to English readers, George Egerton and Eleonora Duse. The author of "Keynotes" has never had a critic at once so sympathetic, so keen, as Fru Hansson. This chapter is admirably written—with heart as well as head. The Swede understands the Celtic woman through and through, and her understanding of "Keynotes" thrills the open-minded reader. George Egerton is "not intellectual; not in the very least." She "perceives with the nerves." The other women with great names are "quite thick-headed in comparison." They judge everything with the understanding. Nor has anybody else read the secret of Duse's wonderful personality so cunningly as this Swede. Hers is a new conception of the great Italian, who, she declares, represents woman on the stage as woman has never before. Were it for nothing but these two studies, this suggestive book would be intensely interesting. Even the opponents of the modern woman whom it contemplates can hardly fail to recognise its simplicity, sincerity, and sympathy.

But for the weekly *causerie* on the theatre by "W. A.," the *World*, to many a one, would be a world well lost. Mr. Archer's articles are far too good, far too valuable, to be left buried between the gossip paragraphs and the puzzle pages of the organ of Society. It was a happy thought that urged him in 1893 to republish in book form

his observations for the year on the London stage, and the succeeding volumes gain in importance and value. The current issue of *The Theatrical World* (Walter Scott) is memorable for the delightful preface by Mr. Pinero, in which the creator of Mrs. Tanqueray breaks through his shell of determined reticence, and gives himself away in an autobiographical gossip about his experiences as an actor in Edinburgh in the early seventies. It is an admirable specimen of playful writing, with here and there a touch of serious observation—as when Mr. Pinero, reiterating his famous "Praise, praise," dictum, declares that he loves criticism upon his work—"when that criticism is distinctly flattering." That is, perhaps, a strange way of introducing such a work as Mr. Archer's, who is invariably calm, critical, philosophical, yet always fired by a genuine passion for the theatre. To the earnest playgoer the book is absolutely indispensable, Mr. Hibbert's synopsis of the year's playbills enhancing its value. Even to the superior person, who affects to stand scoffingly on the outskirts of stageland, it has the charm that criticism which is also literature must always possess.

*Poems of John Keats.* Edited by G. Thorn Drury. With an Introduction by Robert Bridges. "The Muses Library." Two vols. (Lawrence and Bullen.)—These handy little volumes form a model edition of Keats, complete, carefully edited, with an introduction by one who is himself a poet, briefly yet adequately annotated, a biographical notice giving in small compass the facts of Keats's life, in typography and appearance displaying the usual good taste of the publishers, and last, not least, moderate in price. In a subtly criticised and analytic introduction, in which the keenest appreciation of its charm is not unaccompanied by severe discrimination, Mr. Bridges views Keats's poetry under all its aspects—æsthetic, linguistic, and metrical. There is an appearance of striking originality in Mr. Bridges' discovery of an "allegorical vein" in "Endymion" and "Hyperion," especially in the revised "Hyperion," where he interprets the allegory to be "a description of Keats's own life and of his later convictions." An index of first lines is an addition of obvious utility.

## A LITERARY LETTER.

Two editors have directly or indirectly repudiated the charge that they have been in the habit of publishing reviews of their own books in the journals which they conduct. A "friend of twenty years" of Mr. R. H. Hutton declares emphatically that his volumes have never been noticed in the *Spectator*. The point is hardly worth much research; and, if Mr. Hutton had sinned, he had sinned in such good company that censure was not possible. Mr. Henry Norman, again, assures me that since his association with the *Daily Chronicle* the books which he has published from time to time have never been reviewed in its columns.

Mr. Richard Ashe King, who is well known to the readers of the *Cornhill Magazine* through the many stories which have appeared in its pages in past years—particularly when Mr. Leslie Stephen was the editor—has come to reside in London. For ten years or more his home has been in Ireland, where one of his novels, "The Wearing of the Green," has been a general favourite. Mr. Ashe King is the writer of the singularly interesting book *causerie* which appears every week in *Truth*, under the signature of "Desmond O'Brien."

Mr. Ashe King is the author of a little volume entitled "Swift in Ireland," which is reviewed in another column. This is one of "The New Irish Library," edited by Sir Gavan Duffy; and, whatever the literary merits of the book, the printing and "reading" are the most distressing things I have ever seen from any latter-day publisher. Even the very author's name is spelt in three different ways on the title-pages and binding—"Ashe," "Asshe," "Ash." I am informed by Mr. Unwin that this melancholy example of printing is due to the generous patriotism of Mr. Ashe King or of his associates. It was considered necessary that the book should be printed in Ireland: that a national industry should be supported—with the result that we see.

Many of Mrs. Meynell's admirers—and who that reads her "Wares of Autolycus" in the *Pall Mall Gazette* every Friday but is included in that category?—will be pleased to hear that she is contemplating a volume, and perhaps more than one volume, of collected papers from the *P.M.G.*

Is a certain reviewer in the *St. James's Gazette* very ignorant or only spiteful? In an unfriendly notice of Mrs. William Sharp's "Lyra Celtica" he writes as follows: "At the impertinence which includes Mr. George Meredith, Lord Byron, Emily Brontë, and Hawker of Morwenstow among these Celtic rhymers, we can only throw up our hands in mute amazement." It may be that the writer is merely complaining that among distinguished Celts he should find a number of latter-day verse-makers who are not at present distinguished. In which case it is difficult to see how Mrs. Sharp could have made a complete anthology without venturing to give a place to many poets or poetasters who are destined to live only through her pages. But who shall decide as to the future? How many anthologies of forty years ago would have contained a line by Emily Brontë?

But it seems probable that the *St. James's* reviewer does not know that the poets he mentions are Celts. And yet that fact is sufficiently familiar to most students of literature. Mr. George Meredith, in particular, is extremely proud of his Celtic blood—Welsh and Irish intermingling; and as for Emily Brontë, her secret has in no way been revealed to those who do not know that she was more of an Irishwoman than her Prunty grandparents—more of a Cornishwoman than her Branwell kindred.

It is stated by the *New York Critic* that the editorship of the *Pall Mall Gazette* has been offered to Mr. Smalley, the *Times* correspondent in New York, with a salary of £5000 per annum.

C. K. S.



MR. GOSSET (STATE ATTORNEY).

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# THE TROUBLE IN THE TRANSVAAL: THE PRELIMINARY EXAMINATION OF THE JOHANNESBURG REFORM COMMITTEE.

Sketched by our Special Artist, Mr. Mellan Prior.



## ANECDOTAL EUROPE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AN ENGLISHMAN IN PARIS."

Whenever Heinrich Heine felt tempted to write on politics, he began to mumble a kind of popular and homely exorcism, which even up to the present day is used in the Fatherland at the sight of a mad or supposedly mad dog. In that respect, at any rate, I resemble the author of the "Reisebilder," yet, in spite of many worthy people's opinions to the contrary, prayers, however earnest, are not always granted; and do what I would last week, I could not keep the Italians and their defeat at Adowa out of my writings. I kept thinking not of the political consequences of those reverses as far as Italy herself is concerned, but of the different ways in which different races take their "lickings," apart from their individual and collective courage.

Was it Wellington himself who said, "The English do not know when they are beaten"? I think it was, but I am not certain. If he did, he also took care to modify what seemed something like a boast by a subsequent sentence. "I believe that every man has courage," he remarked on another occasion. The Iron Duke did not specify the kind of courage, but he was probably practically right. Of course, there are some cowards in the world, but there is no instance of a whole nation of cowards, and least of all, a whole nation of military cowards.

But there are nations which, while prepared like the rest to shed their last drop of blood for the cause in which they are engaged, must meanwhile find a human scapegoat on whom to vent the bitterness of their defeats. And though reluctant to make invidious comparisons, one cannot help seeing that the Latin nations are grave offenders in that way. When, in the autumn of 1870, the late Adolphe Thiers went the round of the European Courts in order to induce the sovereigns to intervene in behalf of France—in other words, to put pressure on Wilhelm I. of Prussia and his Minister to grant France less onerous conditions of peace than the victor was prepared to grant—that defect on the part of the Latin nations was forcibly pointed out to Thiers by at least two sovereigns.

"What a strange nation you are!" said Alexander II. "You gird against the idea of accepting defeat. Look at Russia. She submitted to her reverses at Sebastopol, and she is none the worse for them this day." "How can I intervene at this moment?" remarked Francis Joseph. "France has just overthrown her Government. If Austria had overthrown me after Solferino or after Sadowa, do you think that she would be in the position in which she is at present?"

The irony of fate spared Adolphe Thiers an interview with the victor himself, who might have uttered analogous language. "Do you think that if Prussia had overthrown my father after Jena," Wilhelm might have asked, "do you think that Prussia would have been in the position in which she is to-day?" And yet the Latin nations will not be wise.

"Someone has blunder'd"; that is very evident. But success on the battle-field as well as defeat, is, according to Marlborough, made up of blunders. After the conclusion of the Peace of Utrecht, a French Marshal complimented Churchill on his victories in Flanders. "Dear Sir," replied the hero, "need I tell you what success in a campaign means? It simply means that the victorious captain made a hundred blunders, while his adversary was unfortunate enough to commit a hundred and one." I repeat, "Someone has blunder'd"; General Baratieri, probably; certainly not King Humbert or Francesco Crispi. The Constitutional sovereign and his Constitutional Minister may have pursued a mistaken policy, but the demonstrations against it should have come before that policy was carried out—not after it had proved a failure. What if that policy had been crowned with success?

But admitting for the nonce and for the sake of argument that King Humbert is personally to blame, would there be no gratitude and forgiveness due to the son of the man who made Italy what it is, and without whom Italy would not be enabled this day to pursue any policy whatsoever, still less a colonial one? Is the son of the man who shed his blood for Italy at Goito, and who on the evening of Novara assumed a crown than which none ever weighed heavier on an uneasy head, to be treated like a careless servant whom one dismisses at a moment's notice because she has broken a few pieces of valuable china?

Is there, then, no feeling of loyalty left for the son of that Duke of Savoy who on that memorable evening of March 1849, when Piedmont had no longer an army or money left, clung to that Tricolour when the desertion of it might have made his future too easy? Does Italy not remember that during that ill-fated campaign of six days, he who was afterwards, and rightly, named "Il rè galantuomo" fought like a lion, and that, nevertheless, he took the blunders of Chzarnowsky on himself?

What followed is too much a matter of elementary history to be insisted upon here. The first recompense to the House of Savoy for its devotion to the national cause was the exile (voluntary, it is true, but cruel for all that) of one King, suspicions—nay, accusations—of treason cast upon his successor. For many, many years Victor Emmanuel braved both, refusing to be discouraged, and withstanding the temptation to lend himself to political reaction. History, it is said, repeats itself. Let us trust that it will forget to do so in this instance.

A reception was held on March 3 at the Persian Embassy, in Ennismore Gardens, for the Persian residents in this country, at which the Persian Minister confirmed the honours bestowed by the Shah upon Hadji Mirza Ali Asghar and Hadji Hussein Agha, who, in the interests and with the approval of the Shah's Government, are engaged in the promotion of the commerce of Persia by the development of a direct trade between that country and England.

## CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

Mrs. BAIRD (Brighton).—You are not likely to be forgotten; but we are very pleased to receive the reminder you so kindly send us.

F. M. P. (Mass., U.S.A.).—The problem was wrong; but the solution you send will not do.

F. L. (Leamington).—We shall examine your problem and report on a future occasion.

J. J. ALLEN (Calcutta).—Thanks for new problem, which we trust to find correct. The diagram of the other is, unfortunately, destroyed; will you send us a corrected copy?

J. F. MOON AND A. C. CHALLENGER. —Thanks for problem, which we hope to find worthy of two such experts.

VELOX (Southwark).—Your solution is correct; but your problem is too weak for our use.

H. T. ATTERBURY. —We cannot tell you. Write to the secretary of the club.

F. JOHNSON. —As the alterations are numerous, it will be safer to send another diagram of the position.

CAPTAIN SPENCER. —White can certainly Castle in the position given.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2703 received from Professor Charles Wagner (Vienna) and J. S. Wesley (Exeter); of No. 2707 from Sorrento, W. R. Baillem, Alpha, C. M. Professor Charles Wagner (Vienna), and W. M. Beatson (Southsea); of No. 2708 from James Lloyd, F. W. C. (Edgbaston), J. S. Wesley (Exeter), R. Worters (Canterbury), T. Roberts, and T. G. (Ware).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2700 received from Fr. Fernando (Glasgow), Captain Spencer, E. E. H. E. Lee (Ipswich), T. G. (Ware), James Lloyd, W. M. Beatson, W. R. Baillem, F. Waller (Luton), Sorrento, Velox, J. F. Moon, Frank R. Pickering, L. Desanges, Dawn, John M. Robert (Crossgar), Mrs. Kelly (of Kelly), J. Sowden, Castle Lea, F. Leete (Sudbury), F. James (Wolverhampton), F. W. C. (Edgbaston), Oliver Icingia, S. P. Thomas (Swindon), J. Bailey (Newark), W. d. A. Barnard (Uppingham), H. T. Atterbury, Mrs. Wilson (Plymouth), Dr. F. St. E. B. Ford, F. G. Ward (Bayswater), Albert Ludwig (Alsace), B. Copland (Chelmsford), T. Chown, Shadforth, G. T. Hughes (Athy), John H. Frere (Dulwich), H. F. Preston, Hermit, J. Coad, Hereward, Splendide Mendax, J. S. Wesley (Exeter), W. F. Anderson, and T. Roberts.

## SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2708.—By W. FINLAYSON.

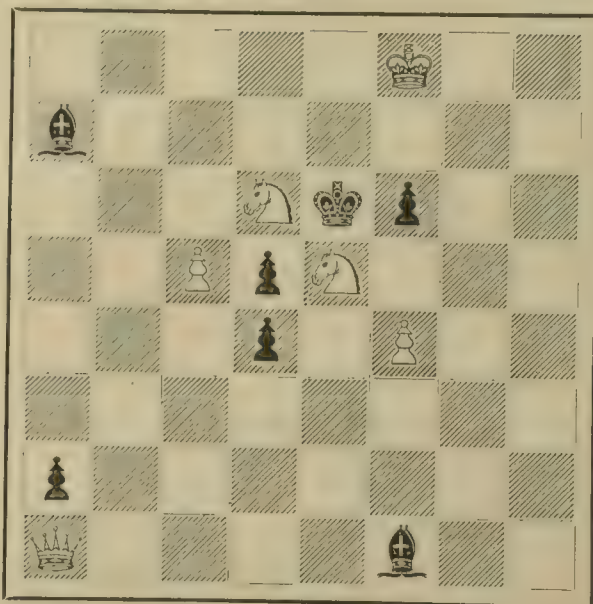
WHITE. BLACK.  
1. Kt to K 5th K takes either Kt  
2. B to R 6th Any move  
3. Q mates accordingly.

There is another solution to this problem, commencing 1. B to B sq (dis. ch), etc.

## PROBLEM No. 2711.

By C. W. (Sunbury).

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

## CHESS IN HASTINGS.

Game played between Messrs. DOBELL and ALOOF consulting against Mr. J. H. BLACKBURNE.

(Evans Gambit.)

WHITE (Mr. B.)	BLACK (Allies)	WHITE (Mr. B.)	BLACK (Allies.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	15. R to Q 2nd	K to Q 2nd
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd	16. Kt to R 3rd	P to Q R 3rd
3. B to B 4th	B to B 4th	17. B to K 2nd	K takes P
4. P to Q Kt 4th	B takes Kt P	18. K to R sq	K R to Q sq
5. P to B 3rd	B to R 4th	19. R to Kt sq	R to Q 2nd
6. Castles	P to Q 3rd	20. P to Q B 4th	Q to K 3rd
7. P to Q 4th	B to Kt 3rd	21. Q to Kt sq	P to K Kt 3rd
This defence is recommended by Mr. Lasker.		22. Q to Kt 6th (ch)	K to B sq
8. B to K 3rd	P to Q R 4th at once is better. White can also recover his Pawn as follows: 8. P takes P, P takes P (best); 9. Q takes Q (ch); Kt takes Q; 10. Kt takes P, B to K 3rd; but Black is supposed to get the better end game.	23. Q R to Q sq	P to B 4th
9. P to Q R 4th	Q to B 3rd	24. P to B 5th	P to Q 4th
10. P to R 5th	B to Kt 5th	25. Kt to B 4th	
11. Kt P takes B	B takes Kt	P takes Q P leads merely to a draw (ex. gr.): 25. P takes Q P, Kt takes P; 26. B to B 4th, Q to K 6th; 27. B takes Kt, R takes B, 28. R takes R, Q takes P and draws by perpetual check.	
12. P takes B	P takes B	25. B P takes P	
13. P takes B P	P takes P (ch)	26. Kt to Q 6th (ch)	K to Kt sq
14. R takes P	K Kt to K 2nd	27. R to Q Kt sq	Kt to Q sq
		This loses right off, but R to R 2nd would only have prolonged the game.	
		28. Q takes Kt (ch)	Resigns.

We notice with much regret that Mr. A. F. Mackenzie, the distinguished problem composer, has been compelled to give up all his connection with chess through the loss of his sight, a calamity in which we are sure he has the sympathy of every chess-player who has been alike puzzled and charmed with his beautiful chess strategy.

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## SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

Following close on the heels of the photography of the invisible by Röntgen's rays comes a report from Berlin that at last the problem of photographing in colours has been solved. Professor Selle, of Berlin, is said to have exhibited at the Photographic Society of that city a number of photographs in colour, which, in addition to being of high artistic merit, are claimed to have the advantage of being permanent in their character. I remember referring in this column to the work of Lippmann, of Paris, in this direction. In 1891, Lippmann produced photographs of objects in their natural colours. His results were regarded as satisfactory enough; but I believe the stumbling-block in these researches was again a lack of permanency such as had faced the experimenters of 1848 and 1868. It appears that Dr. Selle has been labouring for five years at the work in question. He is a disciple of the Helmholtz theory of light, which postulates a threefold division of the colour elements in the retina of our eye, the fibres responding to the sensation of red, yellow, and blue or violet; and it is the combination of these rays which gives us white light, or, at least, the impression of that light.

The influence of the Helmholtz theory on Dr. Selle's process is noted when we find him exposing plates of three different kinds to the scene to be photographed. Each plate is sensitive to light-waves of one of the three primary colours, and to those rays only. Thus he takes three "positive" photographs, which, I understand, are developed on very thin collodion-gelatine. These positives are superimposed one on top of the other, and the result is the ultimate development of a coloured picture. It is said that the most delicate part of the whole process is that of placing the positives exactly in relation to one another so that the perfect combination of colours will be produced. At Berlin, we are told, the process was duly illustrated before an audience of experts. Plates duly prepared were used to photograph a colour-chart exhibiting more than a hundred tones or varieties of colour. Several such plates were employed, with the result that the plate sensitised for red light-waves reproduced the reds alone, while yellow and blue plates similarly were receptive of yellow and blue tones only. When the various plates were placed one above the other the perfect chromatic picture was evolved. One test was that of photographing a bunch of roses, of which the tints varied from a deep crimson to pinks and yellows. These colours were reproduced along with the green hue of the leaves and of fern-fronds. A peacock's tail with its iridescent hues was also duly photographed in colour, while tropical butterflies were also reproduced in all their gorgeous colour-dresses. Presuming that the preliminary accounts we have obtained of this wonderful process duly reflect the character of the experiments of Professor Selle, we may assume that the day may not be far distant when reproductions of objects in their natural colours may be added to the list of artistic delights wherewith the pleasures of life are increased and intensified.

Turning to another new discovery in another department of science, I note the announcement that an anti-typhoid serum has been discovered by Dr. Chantemesse, of the Pasteur Institute of Paris. Following as it does upon the discovery of the anti-toxin used for the cure of diphtheria, this anti-typhoid material, it is to be earnestly hoped, will become a real boon to suffering humanity. Already the new serum is on sale in London, and trials are being made of the remedy in the treatment of this fever, which, as everybody knows, is one of the curses of our modern life, sparing as it does neither rich nor poor, and appearing equally in the palace of the prince and the cottage of the peasant. The principle on which the anti-typhoid serum is prepared will no doubt be analogous to that represented in the production of the anti-toxin of diphtheria. The germ of typhoid develops, like other bacilli, a toxin, or poison, to which its specific effects are no doubt due. By utilising this toxin, presumably through and by means of the blood of a lower animal, we obtain the anti-toxin which, in its turn, is antagonistic to the growth of the bacilli. Using this anti-toxin by injection into the system of the sufferer, it is claimed that the fever can be cut short in its development, and recovery hastened and ensured. We want further details of this new serum; but if the aspirations of its discoverer be upheld and justified, as I devoutly hope they may, we shall have added yet another to the increasing number of cures of serious ailments founded on a knowledge of germs and their work.

A very pretty quarrel (of a scientific nature) is being fought out at present between Dr. Pavy, of London, and Dr. Noel Paton, of Edinburgh, on the vexed question of the work of the liver in connection with the disposal of the starch it stores, and incidentally with the relation of the liver to fat-making. Dr. Pavy objects *in toto* to the views of Claude Bernard, which held that the liver stored up glycogen or animal starch obtained from the food; that it converted the starch into sugar; and that this sugar paid out to the blood was carried to the lungs, was therein chemically consumed, and was a source of animal heat. The opinion of Dr. Pavy is that the liver is not a sugar-distributing or starch-storing organ, but a check on any excess of such materials gaining access to the blood. In diabetes, where the output of sugar is excessive, he holds that the liver's lapse of duty lies at the root of the disease.

Dr. Paton inclines to the Bernard views of things. I suppose modern physiology, while denying the paying-out of the sugar to the lungs for heat-producing purposes, holds that it is the muscles which benefit from the liver's work. Starch and sugar are certainly muscle-foods. We find them in our muscles, and they must have been supplied to our organs of movement by the blood. While Dr. Pavy inclines to the view that fat is formed out of the starches and sugars, this operation, I believe, is regarded as entirely subsidiary by the other side. From all of which argumentation it becomes clear that the duties of the liver are by no means yet so clearly settled as students of physiology might desire.





AN ABYSSINIAN CHIEF.

THE ABYSSINIAN ST. GEORGE.



MENELIK, KING OF ABYSSINIA.



THE QUEEN OF ABYSSINIA.



KING MENELIK AND HIS CHIEFS.



## ABYSSINIA PAST AND PRESENT.

THE lamentable events which have lately occurred to the Italian army in Abyssinia cannot be read without recalling the past, when our expedition, under Lord Napier of Magdala, passed from almost the one end of that country to the other without the slightest mishap. Then everything was foreseen and every eventuality anticipated by a master mind in the art of war. In the present contest there is every reason to suppose that the Italian Commander-in-Chief must have lacked some of the requisites which are necessary to make a successful General. That for the moment, however, is a point that must be left for his own countrymen to determine by means of their judicial authorities. The present Italian campaign also rubs up our memories of the past with words that were familiar to us during our own war. We are again reminded of "Senafé," "Addigerat" (or "Adigrat," as the name is now more generally spelt), "Antalo," and other names that were well known while the expedition was going on. Adowa and Axum were not on our line of march; but the one, as the ancient capital of Ethiopia, and the other, as an important town, were naturally the subject of much writing and conversation at the time.

The present is not the first invading army that has been all but annihilated in Abyssinia. Ismail Pasha entertained the thought, after our expedition, that he could add that country to his dominions, and in 1875 troops were sent into it. One corps, under Arendrup, advanced via Asmara towards Adowa—the same line that the Italians have selected. King John met him on the Mareb, in Gundet, where a dreadful slaughter of the Egyptians took place, and



Photo Navetti, Massowah.

THE FORT OF ADIGRAT.

out their most advanced post. This was a great distance to send out a small detachment, while the main body of their army remained, so far as can be judged of by the reports, in the latitude of Adowa and Adigrat. The result was that they were overwhelmed by the soldiers of Menelik.

Menelik succeeded King John, who died in 1889. King John, who was known during our expedition as Kassa, the Prince of Tigré, managed to raise himself to the supreme rank after our departure from the country. The title is really imperial—it is "Negusa Negyst ya Ethiopia," or, "King of the Kings of Ethiopia." Menelik is said to claim a direct descent from the Menelik who is the traditional founder of the Abyssinians, and was the son of the Queen of Sheba, King Solomon being his father. While King John lived the present Menelik was King of Shoa, a country beyond Magdala, on the extreme south of Abyssinia, from which his troops are now called "Shoans"; but in reality his army is formed of men from all parts of Abyssinia. As yet he has not been crowned Emperor, and a rumour that this ceremony was to take place at Axum, on the day of the late battle, is said to have led General Baratieri to make the attack, on the assumption that the ceremony might cause the Abyssinians to be off their guard. Menelik has certainly collected a vast army, of which we have had various estimates—one of them being that he has 70,000 men in his service. The Abyssinian soldier can live on very little in the form of rations; still, it is difficult to imagine how such a mass of people can be fed in that country—for the men have their wives and families with

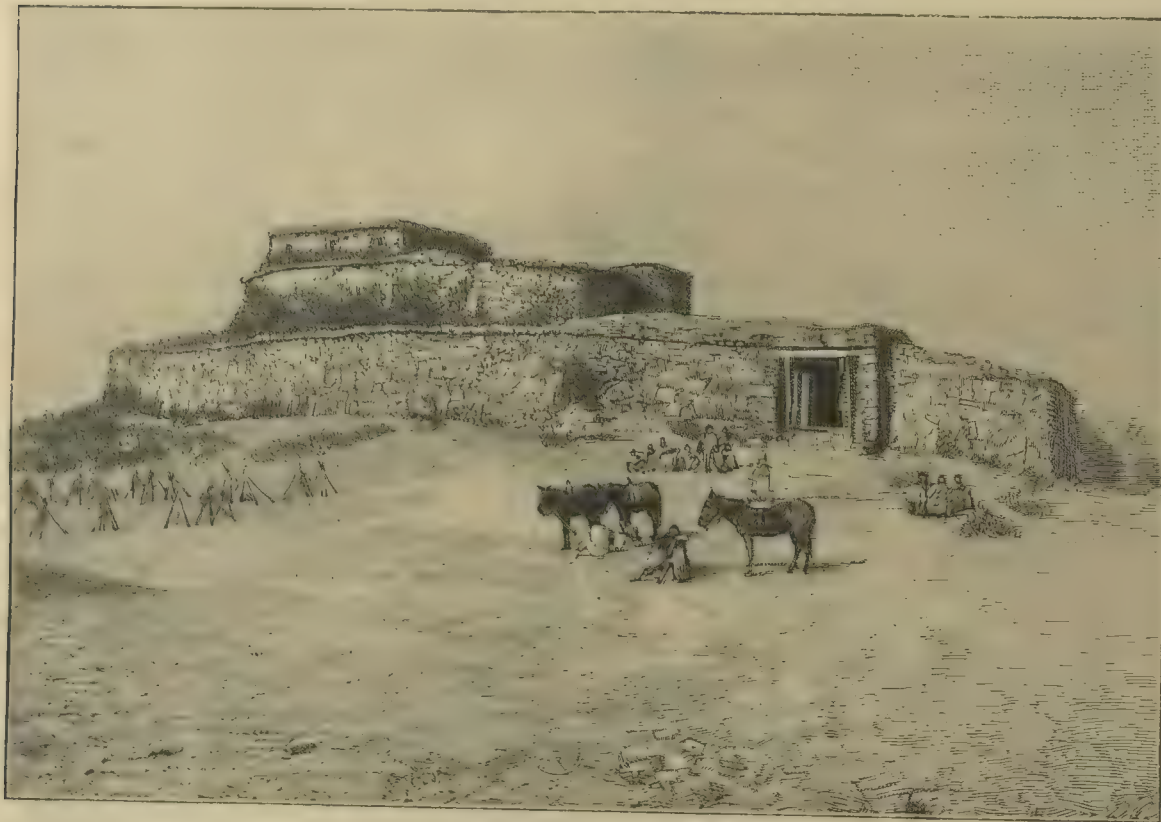


Photo Billotti.

FORT OF MAKALLE.

Arendrup himself was among the slain. There were two other Egyptian armies annihilated about the same time, at different places, and these defeats were so complete that they ultimately led to the end of the invasion. We do not yet know the exact spot where the late contest with the Italians took place, but the two battle-fields cannot be many miles apart. In the accounts that appeared at the time of the attack of the Abyssinians on the Egyptian army, the rush of a mass of men, light-footed and nimble, that carried all before them is described; and we have the same description in the fragmentary details contained in telegrams about the late battle.

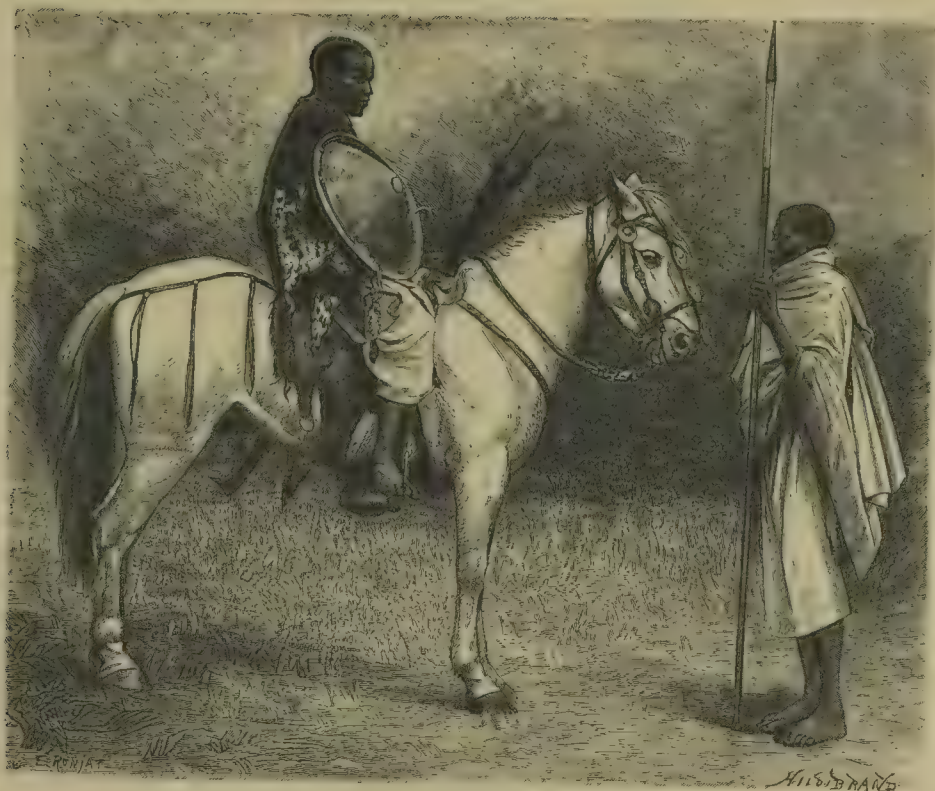
General Baratieri had evidently taken at least one leaf out of Lord Napier's plan of campaign; that is, he adopted the same line of advance to the south. Of course, this line is determined by the physical character of the country, and lies on the eastern edge of the elevated plateau, where there are fewer mountains and deep ravines to pass over than would be met with on the west. Here is a feature of the country that was talked about at the time of our expedition as "The Table-Land of Abyssinia"; but, south of Antalo, mountains—and some of them of considerable size—appear rising out of the table-land. Amba Alajé is one of these heights; and it was here that the Italians met with their first reverse.

Antalo was, roughly speaking, about half-way between Zoula, our port of embarkation, and Magdala, and it is, in a straight line on the map, about seventy miles south of Adigrat; Amba Alajé may be thirty or forty miles farther south, and it was to this point that the Italians had thrown



HOUSES IN THE TOWN OF ADIGRAT.





ABYSSINIAN SOLDIERS.

them. It might have been supposed that if the Italians had remained merely on the defensive, Menelik's forces must in a short time have melted away from the want of the necessary supplies.

It will be understood now that as Menelik had such a numerous force under him, it was an act of great rashness on the part of the Italian General to advance as far south as Antalo and Amba Alajé; it was simply courting disaster. If the forward movement was done in ignorance of the enemy's strength, the intelligence department must have been performing their duties in a very imperfect manner. Immediately after the reverse at Amba Alajé, Makallé was surrounded by the Abyssinians. This is a place on the north of Antalo, where the Italians had run up some slight defences, and Colonel Galliano, under very trying conditions, was able to make a truly gallant defence, which lasted for some weeks; but although he was fighting under every disadvantage against immense odds, no attempt seems to have been made from Adigrat to relieve him. Makallé was not a station at the time of our expedition, but its position is given on the Italian maps as being about half-way between Agula and Dolo—where our force had stations—or only about four marches from Adigrat. Why help was not sent over that short distance has not as yet been explained. If it was impossible to do so, then we have a very strong evidence that the whole scheme of the advance southwards, from the Adowa and Adigrat line,

was a melancholy blunder. Galliano was at last allowed to march out of Makallé with all the honours of war; this was an honour to the defender, but the event, as a retreat, was a breakdown in the tactics of the campaign.

In the late Battle of Adowa, as it appears to have been named, there seems to have been the same want of generalship. The troops started the evening before, and marching during the night, one of the brigades, General Albertone's, got some distance in advance of the others, and was met in the early morning by the whole force of the Abyssinians, who swarmed upon the Italians with their usual onrush, and the column appears to have been defeated before another brigade, Arimondi's, could come to its assistance. When the supporting column did reach the battlefield it got into the confusion of Albertone's retreat, and does not seem to have been able to move, or deploy into the proper form necessary for action. A battalion here and a battery there opened out and did good service for a short time, but the Abyssinian rush had got way upon it, and swept everything before it. That is what may be called a rough "impressionist" sketch, based on the telegrams, of what occurred at this great battle. Four thousand five hundred men are reported as killed or missing; this includes 150 or 200 officers, among whom there are a General or two, whose fate—when this is being written—is unknown.

The Italians, or, at least, a portion of them, appear to have retreated towards the east, and made for Addicaie, a place given on the maps as a little north of Senafé. A glance at the sketch-map will at once show how the victorious Abyssinians will now be able to cut the line of communications between Adigrat and its base of supplies. The last telegrams announce that 2000 fugitives from the Battle of Adowa have escaped to Adigrat; but if no relief can be sent to that place its fate is certain.

We have no maps with sufficient details upon them to be able to say exactly on what spot this battle took place. As far as can be made out, it was close to Adowa, but on the eastern side of that town. The illustration given of the "Mountains of Adowa" will convey some notion of the character of the country. We are also able to give a number of pictures, which, while they recall the past, at the same time help to illustrate the present war in Abyssinia.

WILLIAM SIMPSON.



VIEW NEAR SENAFÉ.  
*Drawn on the Spot by W. Simpson.*



PANORAMA OF GHINDA.



ABYSSINIA PAST AND PRESENT.

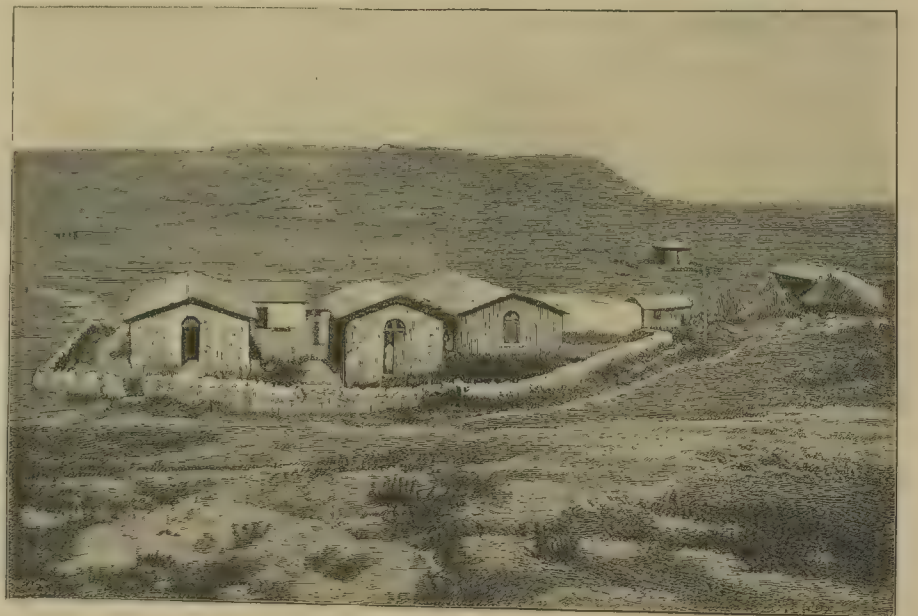


VIEW OF MOUNTAINS IN THE NEIGHBOURHOOD OF ADOWA.

*Drawn on the Spot by W. Simpson.*



THE FORT OF ADOWA.



VIEW OF ASMARA.

*Photo Nuvvetti.*



VIEW OF AMBA ALAJE, WHERE THE ITALIANS SUSTAINED THEIR FIRST DEFEAT.

*Drawn on the Spot by W. Simpson.*



THE NEW RECORD OFFICE.

The Public Record Office as a Government Department dates only from the year 1857; but few people are aware that, in respect of its antecedent establishments, this is one of the most ancient departments of the State. From the days of the Confessor, if not still earlier, the royal archives were preserved with the royal treasure in the vaults of the Abbey Church at Westminster, and here until the middle of the present century many of the most venerable of these records still remained. This fact, indeed, can still be vouched for by oral testimony, for one of the clerks in charge of the old Record Office in the Chapter-House still survives, while the practice of a yet older generation, before the sweeping changes of 1832, is well remembered by the last of the Exchequer clerks, now within measurable distance of the completion of his "century."

But besides the Exchequer records at Westminster, those of the Chancery and of the Courts of Law were preserved in the Record Office of the Tower of London, which dates back to the thirteenth century, and there were also subsidiary repositories, such as the "King's Mews" at Carlton Ride. Finally, there were many provincial records which had barely escaped complete destruction under the nominal custody of a Custos Rotulorum; while distinct from legal records, the papers of the Secretaries of State were fitfully preserved from the reign of James I. in the King's Library at Whitehall, better known as the State Paper Office.

As long ago as the reign of King John directions were issued by the Crown for the better preservation of the royal archives, and in the reign of Edward II. the first complete scheme for the arrangement of the records of the Exchequer and the Chancery was drawn up by Walter de Staple-



GOLD SEAL OF ALFONSO THE WISE OF CASTILLE.

ton, Bishop of Exeter, which still bears the title of "Bishop Stapleton's Calendar." This good work has been zealously continued by a long line of Deputy Keepers, and with conspicuous success by the present head of the department, to whose exertions we mainly owe the splendid official building which has transformed the aspect of the southern end of Chancery Lane.

The Rolls House itself dates back to the reign of Henry III. in its primitive use as the Domus Conversorum—

the "House of the Converted Jews"—and it was not until the reign of Henry VII. that the first Master of the Rolls received the charge of so many of the Chancery records as were not deposited in the Tower. Great then was the strife that arose in the time of Queen Elizabeth between these rival jurisdictions!

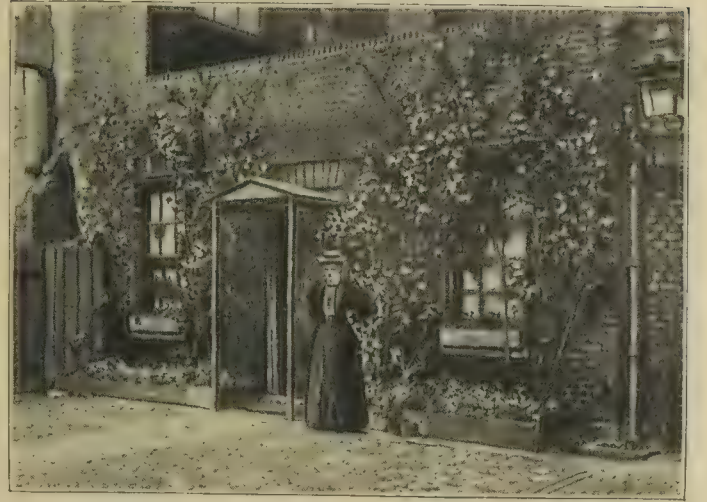
The old Rolls House and Chapel may be regarded, then, as the nucleus of the existing Record repository, for, following the practice of Pagan and Christian civilisation alike, we find the "Rolls" deposited in the chapel itself, where, indeed, certain Chancery papers have remained until the other day. The chapel, now demolished in the course of building operations, though mentioned by Matthew Paris, retained few vestiges of its older structure. A thirteenth-century chancel arch with two or three early windows has been disclosed, and other antique shapes may have lurked beneath the modern coating of flints and plaster; but the general appearance of the building was barn-like in the extreme, and its chief attractions were to be found in the sculptured tombs of bygone Masters, and in



TOMB OF DR. YOUNG, MASTER OF THE ROLLS TEMP. HENRY VII.

dim associations with famous preachers—the Readers of the Rolls. In this ecclesiastical and parochial aspect, the Rolls claim the dignity of a "liberty" to themselves.

But the precincts are not large, and probably extended very little in the reign of George II. beyond the old Rolls Yard, a pleasant quadrangle shut in towards Chancery Lane by a long row of old houses, whose site is occupied by the new Record Office. Yet in these dark and crazy mansions the antiquary would have found majestic staircases and carved mantels and oaken panels, which denoted the former grandeur of Chancery clerks, holders of rich sinecures, whose semi-official correspondence abounds in references to the bottling of port wine and recipes for brewing



OLD HOUSE IN THE ROLLS YARD.

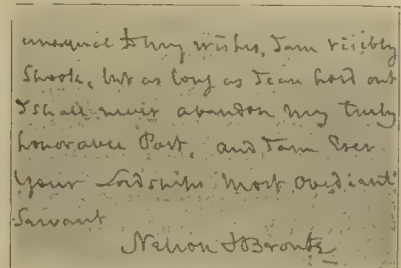
punch, to cards, to politics, to poetry, and to a passion which they took for love. On the north side of the old Rolls Yard there still remains part of a building lately used as a watchman's house. It was a quaint and pretty nook; its blackened walls covered with the freshest greenery of June, in the forms of vine and creeper, of giant sunflower and nasturtium, its white granite pavement alive with the blue pigeons that build their nests beneath the ancient 'scutcheons' of the English Kings. It was—for it is now abandoned for more spacious premises, and the fallen vine-leaves strew its deserted porch like the ruins of life's summer gladness.

The plan of the Record Office proper is, roughly, an elongated cross, of which the body is formed by the main repository, completed in 1857 for the reception of the nation's scattered archives, while the arms of this cross are newly formed by the imposing building which fronts on Chancery Lane. In the base of the cross, flanked by lofty towers, are placed the public search-rooms; while the rest of the building is occupied by record-rooms—dark, iron-girt cells that border floor upon floor of stone-paved corridors. For the last forty years at least the Rolls House had practically served as the Secretary's department of the Public Record Office, and the clerical staff, officers, and editors of calendars, with attendants and messengers,



GOLD BULL OF CLEMENT VII. CONFIRMING THE TITLE OF DEFENDER OF THE FAITH TO THE KING OF ENGLAND.

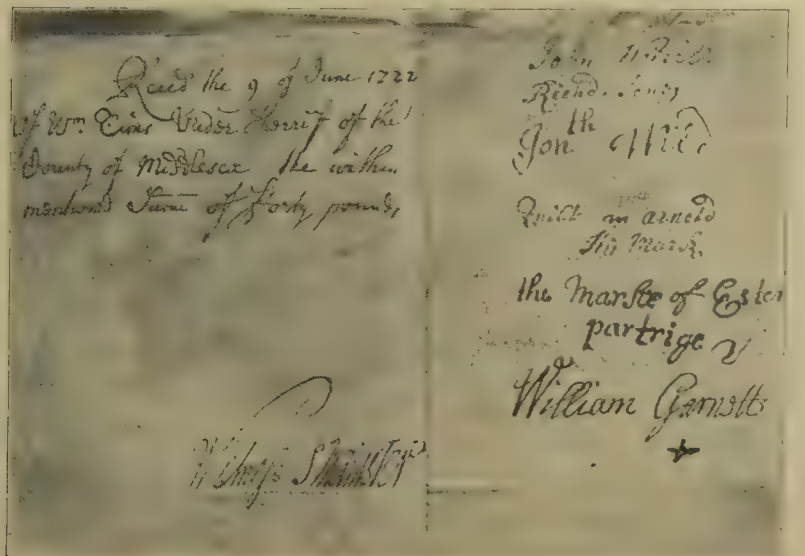
actually occupied some of the fire-proof record-cells of the great repository, though a few more fortunate found picturesque quarters in one or other of the old houses in the Rolls Yard. But with the completion of the new Law Courts a spacious block of chambers facing the repository was vacated by the Judges, and has since been occupied by



A DISPATCH OF LORD NELSON.



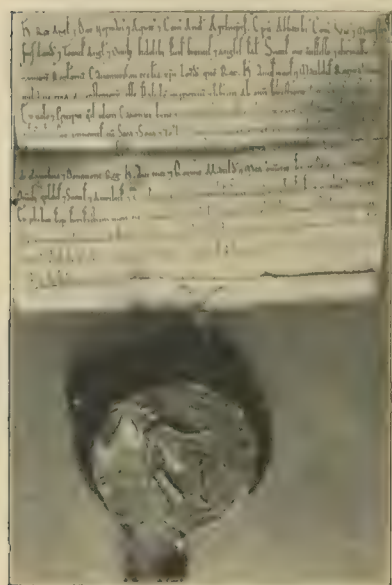
WEST VIEW OF THE NEW RECORD OFFICE.



"BLOOD MONEY" RECEIPT BY JONATHAN WILD



the Record Office staff. For the students who frequent the public search-rooms ample accommodation is provided in the literary search-room, a magnificent octagon reading-room, well lighted from a dome-shaped roof. There is



AN ANCIENT CHARTER.

also a legal search-room, where office copies can be ordered of any record required to be used in evidence before a court of law, and beyond these two public search-rooms lies the sanctum where political dispatches are produced to the holders of permits from a Secretary of State, and where official searches are made on behalf of different Government departments.

The old Rolls Office was, of course, chiefly concerned with the preservation of the strictly legal records, comprising rolls of the Chancery, the Exchequer, the Queen's Bench, and the Common Pleas. This great series of records is the special pride and delight of English antiquaries, and it is not approached in respect of antiquity and importance by the records of any other nation. But all records are not in the form of Rolls. It is, perhaps, not generally known that "roll" and "book" were convertible terms before the end of the thirteenth century, and the Chapter House collection alone contains a long series of stately record books, many of which have been beautifully illuminated by some official scribe to relieve the tedium of his daily task. Perhaps the best known of these ancient volumes is the "Breviate of Domesday Book," an abstract of the great Exchequer record, apparently compiled in the middle of the reign of Henry III., and resplendent with coloured drawings of the miracles of Edward the Confessor.

But hundreds of books and hundreds of thousands of Rolls do not constitute even the bulk of the contents of the enlarged Record Office. There are countless thousands of writs and returns, deeds and charters, and other loose and scattered parchments preserved in portfolios and cases, if not, perforce, in bales and sacks. The best work of the authorities during the last ten years will perhaps be found in the rescue-work of repairing, cleaning, identifying, and arranging this debris of the Middle Ages which the political revolutions of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and the official supineness of the eighteenth, had left as a putrescent mass of materials for imperishable history.

The new Record Office beyond the chapel is divided by an archway into two distinct blocks. On the south side are found the official apartments of the Deputy Keeper, the Secretary, Mr. J. J. Cartwright—who is also the able Secretary of the Historical Manuscripts Commission—and other members of the staff; while on the north side, isolated by folding iron doors, fresh galleries of record-rooms await a large demand for "Government pigeon-holes."

The great officers of the modern State, the Home, Foreign, Colonial, and War Secretaries, and the Boards of Treasury, Admiralty, and Trade, were for the most part represented in early times by the King's Chancellor

and Treasurer. Departmental correspondence was not encouraged by those worthy Bishops, nor yet by the plain knights, their successors in the days of the Tudors. Such correspondence seems to have grown into an official custom when the business-like habits of merchant citizens were imported into the conduct of the State in the time of Cromwell. The custom grew into an abuse under the industrious Pepys and his successors, till in the middle of this century every petty department of the State was



GOLD SEAL OF FRANCIS I. TO THE TREATY OF 1527.

fairly swamped with letter-books. Not all of these, of course, have been deemed worthy of permanent preservation, but the logs and ship-books of the Royal Navy from Charles II. to the present day can be computed only in six figures, whilst the Records of the British Army are said to be even more numerous.

These and their like amongst other modern departments are not included in the official lists amongst the State papers proper. They are really "departmental papers" deposited by the various Government offices in much the same way as a careful solicitor keeps his deeds in a "Safe

built upon the site of the old Rolls Yard, in which a whole row of disused houses were used as temporary repositories of departmental papers; and room must of necessity be found for these before the prevailing congestion of the Government offices can be adequately relieved. But this is a small matter compared with the danger and inconvenience with which the preservation of such records in old and ruinous buildings was formerly attended.

In the new building also are placed the Library, well stored with works of reference for the exclusive use of the editors of calendars and other publications of the famous Rolls series, and a much-needed Museum, for the safe and convenient display of the greatest manuscript treasures. This will, indeed, be an object-lesson of the utmost value both to teachers and students of history. Here they may gaze upon such relics as Domesday Book and the Red Book of the Exchequer,

MR. H. C. MAXWELL LYTE, C.B., DEPUTY KEEPER OF THE PUBLIC RECORDS.

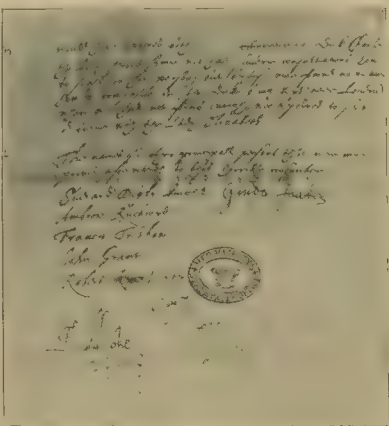


THE SECRETARY'S ROOM IN THE NEW RECORD OFFICE.



SOUTH VIEW OF THE REPOSITORY AND ROLLS CHAPEL.

Deposit" building. Therefore, they are not public records, although they are freely inspected by naval and military historians and others by the courtesy of the Secretaries of State to whom they respectively belong. At the same time, we must remember that they are the public records



CONFESSION OF GUY FAWKES.

of the future—the historical records, in any case, of our own times.

Of the State papers themselves it is not necessary to say much. Their historical value is well known to us all from the splendid series of Calendars giving the substance of our political history from Henry VII. to George I. What diplomacy, exploration, and, latterly, international arbitration owe for their success to this unequalled series of dispatches it would be hard to say. It is fortunate that their practical value has ensured their preservation when the charge of the ancient records of the realm was regarded as a matter of sentimental interest.

It is officially stated that the greater portion of the new repository will be set apart for the reception of these departmental papers. In this aspect it will form a kind of State Paper Office wing of the Public Record Office, but it must not be supposed that the whole of this space will be available for accruing records. The new Record Office is

containing the Budgets of seven hundred years, and royal accounts even more numerous than writs and charters.

With the close of the Middle Ages begins the great series of State papers, and penmanship pays to the new science of printing the tribute of intelligibility; but the manuscripts of Queen Elizabeth as a "real authoress," the casket letters of Mary Stuart, and the confession of Guy Fawkes will carry us bravely through the middle period of phonetic spelling and distracting calligraphy; while for more modern times there are such stirring remains as the log of Nelson's Victory, Captain Cook's journal, the dispatches of Marlborough from Blenheim and of Wellington from Waterloo, Jonathan Wild's receipts for blood-money, and protests of Benjamin Franklin and his fellow-colonists of America. All these and many more will be fitly joined with Queen Victoria's signature to the Constitutional oath engrossed between the gilded margins of the Coronation Roll of 1838.

There are other curiosities, too, besides these historic parchments and papers—Exchequer "tallies," exquisite mediæval miniatures of the unsightly faggots which caused the destruction of the old Houses of Parliament. There are also old dies of the Edwardian silver coinage, leather ink-bottles and seals without number, besides the three famous "golden leagues" of the Treasury, and many other relics which are preserved and displayed more conveniently in the strong rooms and show-cases of the new Record Office than in the days when they kept company with the Royal Crown and the Great Seal in the iron-bound chest of the old Exchequer Chamber at Westminster.

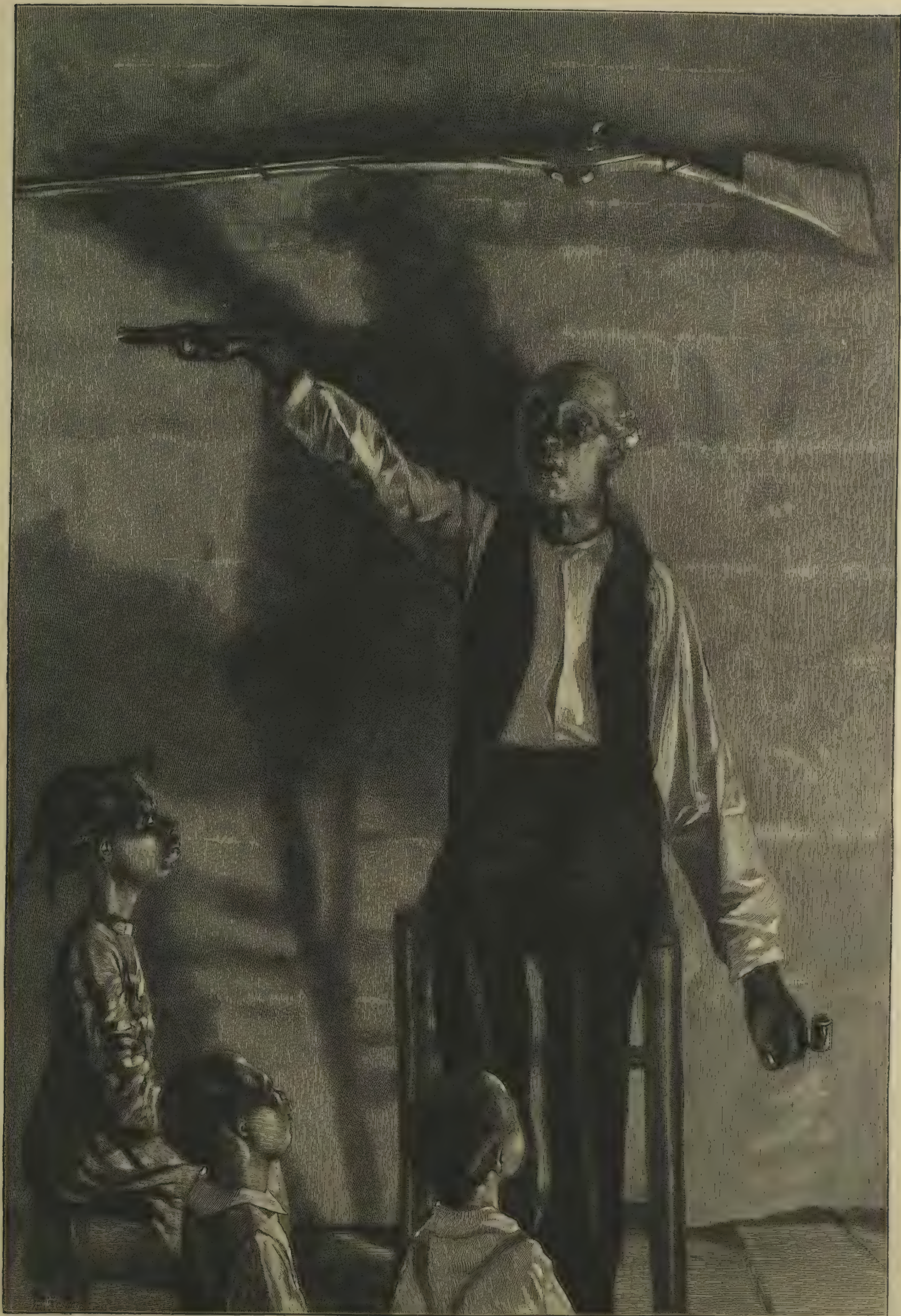


DOMESDAY BOOK AND CHEST.



EXCHEQUER TALLIES AND DIES.





A TERRIBLE TALE.

*By E. W. Gerard.*



## THE LADIES' PAGE. DRESS.

"There's sunshine above and new clothes in our hearts" rang some profane young authoress recently. Luckily the new clothes are on the counters ready and willing to be taken to our hearts; indeed, the whole of London appears at the moment nothing but a fairyland of fashion, and the



A NEW TEA-GOWN.

poetic woman might suggest that fairy fingers have executed the wonderful embroideries which have been created this year to fill our eyes with delight and empty our pockets of "siller." Muslin of the finest, lisse of the most diaphanous, compete with grass lawn for the privilege of forming a background to the daintiest of stitchery, which, together with an appliqué of lace, will be found traced with a variety of colours or embellished simply with white. Grass lawn is perhaps of all the foundations of these embroideries the most popular. An appliqué of this upon a black net foundation, the floral design being worked in white, is to have an enormous vogue. It is being used to form entire

bodices, and also being permitted to decorate liberally small coats and cloaks of black satin. Black chiffon invariably serves to make a trimming on the edge of these cloaks. It is no longer the plain chiffon of yesteryear, but it is chiffon closely resembling fine grenadine in the greater stiffness of its texture, and it is interwoven with a hem of silk.

One of the most difficult problems in dress is how to decorate our necks. Unquestionably the woman who can wear on ordinary morning occasions the white linen collar has the best of the position, this being of all the finishing touches the most becoming, and those who cannot adopt it in the stand-up shape may be advised to consider seriously the becoming advantages of the linen collar which turns down round the neck and is completed by a small black necktie. If you doubt the charms of this put in an appearance one afternoon at Hengler's Rink and see two women who skate there with signal grace, clad in dark serge or crêpon skirts, silken blouses of contrasting colours, finished at the neck and wrists with turn-down broad bands of white linen.

We have permitted custom to stifle the infinite variety of the bands of ribbon tied round the neck into a bow at the back; now if we wear a ribbon, as a rule we tie it into a bow at the front, permitting some frivolity of lace or lawn to frill over the top of this. The new model collar-band which has just arrived from Paris shows a white satin ribbon surmounted by a scalloped frill of écaré embroidery, ruffled with a very narrow coloured satin ribbon. Other novelties also labelled "Paris" show a small vandyked collar of white lawn, outlined with narrow bands of coloured lawn, and this is mounted on a straight collar-band of plain lawn, so that it can be easily fixed on to any dress, and serve as a resting-place for a band of ribbon, over which the points will fall at the back, and reveal the bow tied in the front. The ordinary sailor shape of collar is extremely becoming to the woman with a pretty throat. No doubt in the summer we shall again adopt the French women's method of wearing our dresses cut into a small V at the top. The most effective complement to such style is a band of black velvet ribbon fastened round the throat.

It is curious to see in the old-world prints what a reckless disregard for their lungs was evinced by our ancestresses, most of the walking-gowns being made with low bodices, the merest pretence of covering the décolletage being displayed by the loose flimsy shawls which were flung round the shoulders. Those were the days before we watched our symptoms with such care, and long ere we considered no dressing-table equipments complete without a clinical thermometer.

I have spent many hours this week interviewing the new materials, finding that perhaps the great difference evinced between those of to-day and those of yesterday is that whereas last year the chiné pattern was made the background for black stripes and patterns, this year it disports itself in single elegance on plain foundations, and the chiné pattern now spreads its influence over alpacas as well as over silks, while it has even penetrated into materials for furnishing. Quite a charming watered tapestry did I meet the other day, with a chiné pattern on a cream ground alternating with a deep rose du Barri tint. But what right have I to talk about the furnishing fabric, a subject upon which I am most deplorably ignorant? I shall expect Mrs. Pantou to wield her skilful pen in protest unless I wander back to my rightful domain of dress at once. She might almost regard me with the contempt she bestows upon the little builder in that excellent new book of hers, "Suburban Residences." But this is not the

material question of my moment; canvas, alpaca, and mohair have this privilege. A new canvas, very thick and coarse in texture, shows a raised satin design upon it of the conventional type. This is particularly successful in black, when it has all the appearance, if mounted on silk, of a very handsome brocatelle. However, its price is by no means limited; it costs about 8s. 6d. a yard. The coarse mohair alpaca is being bought by the mile, and, as I have previously had occasion to observe, this lends itself amiably to the plain coat and skirt style of costume.

But let me describe that tea-gown illustrated. It is a model which would look well either in silk or fine cashmere. The accordion pleating should be in mouseline de soie or China silk, while the motifs could be of cream lace or of the new grass lawn embroidered in white. The

other picture may safely be allowed to describe itself, its extreme simplicity being most obvious.

### ANSWERS TO LETTERS.

**RUBY.**—The white stocks I admire are made either of moiré or of piqué, and are to be found at Marshall and Snelgrove's, Oxford Street. There is no reason you should not wear them at once. Alpacas range in price from 3s. 11d. to about 6s. a yard. I much prefer the plain variety, and again with these Marshall and Snelgrove can help you; let them send you patterns.

**BARDINO.**—Capes are as fashionable this year as they ever were. You can get one in black velours du nord, traced with jet, lined with glacé silk, at Peter Robinson's in Oxford Street for three guineas. I have no doubt they could find you one lined with leaf-green, while if you write to them they will send you out this special model to see.

**K. C. B.**—The fates forbid that I should issue paper patterns; but Myrette, of 95, Regent Street, will do so if you cut out the picture you admire and send it to her.

PAULINA PRY.

### NOTES.

Oxford "Congregation" has decided against the admission of women to the B.A. degree on the same terms as men have it. Before my readers see these lines, the vote as to the appointment of a committee to consider the same question at Cambridge will have been taken. Cambridge will probably do better, since she occupies a different position from that of Oxford in this matter. Cambridge was the pioneer in educating women. Many people who have only a general interest in the matter of women's University education were unaware that there was anything at all being done for them at Oxford; but nobody could have failed to hear of the Cambridge women's colleges, Girton and Newnham, and of the successes of the women students at Cambridge examinations, notably of Miss Fawcett's taking the premier place in the mathematical examinations, and Miss Ramsay that in the classical tripos.

It is pleasant to remark, by the way, that the Master of Trinity, Dr. Butler, who married Miss Ramsay, was the



A WALKING COSTUME.

most advanced of all the speakers in the opening discussion of the question in the Senate at Cambridge last week. It was the best compliment he could pay his learned and charming lady. Dr. Butler, though he admitted that the admission of women to the M.A. was not a question that could be decided at the moment, did not hesitate to say that he thought that it would prove in the end no disadvantage to the University to have women taking even the higher degree, and thence possessing the full rights of members of the University.

This bold admission generally made on the part of the women's advocates would cut the ground from under such an article as that contributed by Mr. Whibley to the *Nineteenth Century* this month, in which he devotes much space to proving that the woman of the future will ask for precisely this equality, and will not be satisfied with the mere B.A. He argues this on the ground that in the past women have asked but small things from the Universities, and have gone on step by step, each concession encouraging them to further demands. It is hardly worth while to contest this point. Not only is it impossible for the women of to-day to bind the women of time to come, but there can be very little doubt (if we venture on what George Eliot called "the most gratuitous form of error, prophesy") that it is really complete equality of rights and opportunities that will be asked for in every direction. It is equally true that those who cannot regard such a change without fear and distaste had better fix their opposition at the present point rather than give way now, and hope to check the movement here when it has gained yet this other step.

FLORENCE FENWICK-MILLER.



ARMY SERVICE CORPS CENTREPIECE.

This handsome solid silver centrepiece has just been presented to the Army Service Corps by past and present officers of the regiment who took part in the Egyptian and South African campaigns. The centrepiece is in the form of an oval bowl, having massive ornamental handles. Upon one side is represented, in relief, a scene in the Zulu War, and on the other a scene on the Nile, showing transport by camels and boats. Between the two panels are trophies of Egyptian and Zulu arms, with the badge of the regiment on one side of the foot and the names of the donors engraved upon the other. The centrepiece was designed and manufactured by the Goldsmiths' and Silversmiths' Company, 112, Regent Street, London.





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## THE CROWN JEWELS OF ASHANTI.

The royal jewellery and other treasures of Ashanti brought home by Sir Francis Scott have been displayed to British gaze at the Colonial Office, and have proved to be of very disappointing intrinsic value. It is estimated that they would be worth but some two thousand pounds in actual bullion; but if they are sold by auction as curiosities they may realise a



KING PREMPEH'S TREASURE.

considerably larger sum, since many of the trophies are almost unique as specimens of the rude workmanship of the country. King Prempeh's crown is made of thin hide, lined with silk, and surmounted by two golden horns. All round the side are affixed models in solid gold of lions' heads, together with human heads and jaw-bones. If the jewels are disposed of by auction, an exception will be made of this crown, which is destined to find a resting-place at Windsor Castle. Another peculiar curiosity is a cup made of solid gold, after exactly the same pattern as those used for incense in the Roman Catholic ritual. This and sundry other trinkets are chiefly of interest for the close imitation of European models shown in their workmanship. The inventive faculty would seem to have little kinship with what counts for civilisation in Ashanti. The sheath of the chief sacrificial sword is the most notable item among the spoils. This bears embossed designs in gold of the trunks of beheaded men. Smaller articles of jewellery, which are supposed to have belonged to the Queen, are of quaint design, but few of them are of solid gold.

## WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated March 6, 1894), with two codicils (dated June 25 and Dec. 4, 1894), of the Right Hon. Sir Julian Goldsmid, Bart., M.P., who died on Jan. 7, was proved on March 4 by Frederic David Mocatta, Sir Charles James Jessel, Bart., Sidney Philip Phillips, and Richard Lake Harrison, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £1,093,493. The testator gives £25,000 each, upon trust, for his four unmarried daughters; £2000 each to University College Hospital, the Royal Free Hospital, the Jews' Infant Schools, and the Jewish Board of Guardians; £1000 each to the Jews' Hospital (Lower Norwood), the Jews' Free School, the West London Synagogue of British Jews, and the Metropolitan Free Hospital; £500 each to the Consumption Hospital (Brompton), the Tunbridge Wells Infirmary, and the Sussex County Hospital; £2000 to his secretary, William Hutchence; £500 each to his executors; and legacies and annuities to relatives and servants. The residue of his property, real and personal, he leaves, upon trust, for all his daughters, in equal shares. Should any of his unmarried daughters or any daughter becoming a widow without issue, marry a person not professing the Jewish faith, her share in the residue is to be reduced one half.

The will (dated July 1, 1889), with five codicils (the first undated, and the others dated



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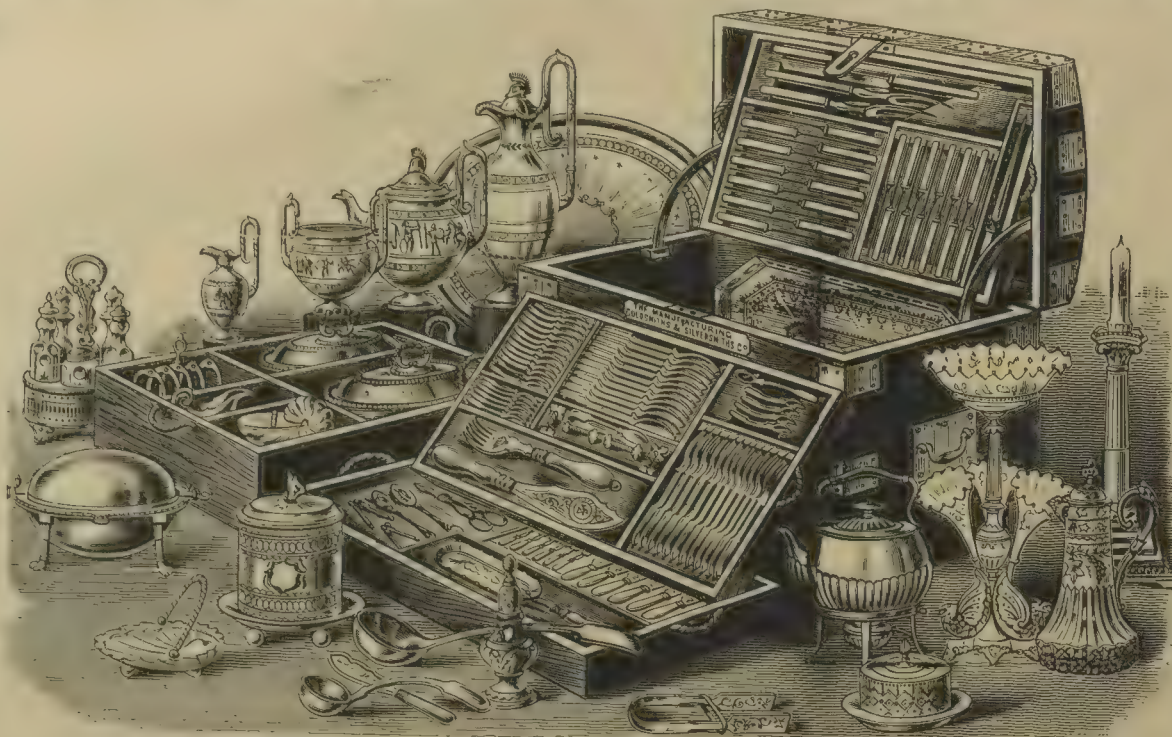
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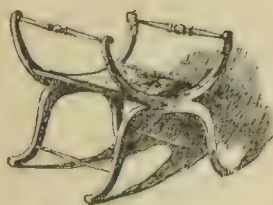
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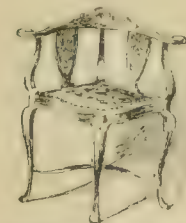
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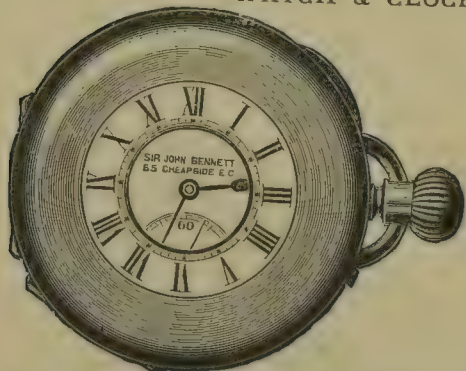
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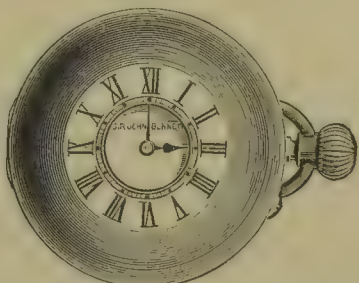


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Dec. 6, 1889; Feb. 19, 1891; Jan. 23, 1895; and Jan. 9, 1896), of Mr. Alexander Macmillan, of 21, Portland Place, and Bedford Street, Covent Garden, publisher, who died on Jan. 25, was proved on Feb. 29 by Mrs. Jeanne Barbe Emma Macmillan, the widow, George Augustin Macmillan, the son, and John Hopgood, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £179,011. The testator bequeaths £1000, furniture, etc., to the value of £2000, and during widowhood £1500 per annum, and the use of The Chase, Bramshot, to his wife; in the event of her marrying again he bequeaths £2000 to her; £2000 to his daughter Mary Macmillan; £1000 to his son John Victor Macmillan, and many other legacies to relatives and servants. He states that arrangements having been made for forming his businesses in Bedford Street and the United States into joint-stock companies, he bequeaths to his son George Augustin Macmillan one twelfth of such ordinary shares as may belong to him in the Bedford Street Company, and the option of taking at par all or any of the remaining shares both in the Bedford Street and United States Companies. The residue of his real and personal estate he divides between his five children, George Augustin Macmillan, John Victor Macmillan, Mary Macmillan, Olive Macilrose, and Margaret Ann Dyer. There is a legacy of £20,000, upon trust, for his son, Malcolm Kingsley, but unless evidence of his being alive should have been forthcoming before Jan. 1, 1892, it was to be assumed that he died in the testator's lifetime.

The will of Mr. Henry Illingworth, J.P., of Ladye Royde Hall, Bradford, who died on Sept. 23, has now been proved, the net value of the estate being sworn at £156,057 7s. 10d., and estate duty of £10,143 18s. paid thereon. After making provision for his widow the testator gives the use of Ladye Royde Hall to her for life, and directs that any sums already given to his sons shall be taken into account on the division of his estate. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves in equal shares to his children.

The will (dated Jan. 25, 1896) of the Right Hon. Frederick, Baron Leighton, of Stretton, Salop, and 2, Holland Park Road, Kensington, President of the Royal Academy, who died on Jan. 25, was proved on March 2 by Mrs. Alexandra Orr and Mrs. Augusta Newnburg Matthews, the sisters and executrices, the value of the personal estate being £50,451. The testator leaves all his real and personal estate between his two sisters, Mrs. Orr and Mrs. Matthews, equally.

The will (dated Sept. 13, 1878), with a codicil (dated April 13, 1887), of Mr. John Startin, of Hatherleigh,



THE CAP OF THE SPHINX.

Discovered by Colonel G. E. Raum, Feb. 24, 1826.

Upper Richmond Road, Putney, who died on Jan. 31, was proved on Feb. 21 by Charles Albert Startin, the son and executor, the value of the personal estate amounting to £31,947. Subject to a bequest of all his household furniture, etc., to his wife, Mrs. Mary Ann Startin, the testator leaves all his property, upon trust, for her, for life, and then to his five children, Charles Albert, Edwin James, Mary Ann, Ellen, and Alice in equal shares.

The will (dated May 25, 1891) of Mr. Thomas Turner, of 69, Hamilton Terrace, St. John's Wood, who died on Jan. 7, was proved on Feb. 14 by Francis Fortye Millis and Martin Tracy Richardson, the surviving executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £26,471. The testator gives £300 to his wife, Harriet; £200, an annuity of £200, and the income arising from his one hundred shares in the Alliance Bank and his property in Ladbroke Grove and Telford Road, to his daughter Florence; and £50 each to his executors. The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, to pay the income to his wife for life, and then upon further trusts for his daughter, and her issue.

Letters of administration of the personal estate and effects of General the Hon. Sir Francis Colborne, K.C.B.,

of Hembury Fort, Buckerell, Devon, who died on Nov. 26 intestate, a bachelor, were granted on Feb. 28 to the Hon. and Rev. Graham Colborne, the brother and one of the next of kin, the value of the personal estate being £15,349.

The will and five codicils of Mr. James Dixon, late of Harrow Lands, Dorking, and formerly of 29, Lower Seymour Street, Portman Square, surgeon, who died on Jan. 3, were proved on Feb. 15 by Stanley Hoole and Henry Walrond Simpkinson, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £13,399.

The will, with a codicil, of Mr. Robert Oades, late of High Street, Egham, who died on Dec. 15, was proved on Feb. 26 by Miss Mary Ann Oades, the daughter, and Charles Oades, the son, the executors, the value of the personal estate being £12,138.

The will of Mr. Valentine Locke Lovibond, of The Hermitage, Fulham, brewer, who died on Dec. 22, was proved on Feb. 28 by Mrs. Octavia Augusta Frederica Lovibond, the widow and sole executrix, the value of the personal estate being £9549.

The will (dated Jan. 8, 1885), with three codicils (dated Feb. 12, 1886; Oct. 7, 1887, and Nov. 30, 1888), of the Hon. and Rev. Augustus Frederick Phipps, of 27, Eaton Square, who died on Jan. 27, was proved on Feb. 28 by Grenville Charles Lenox Berkeley and Constance Mary Katherine Phipps and Sophia Maria Laura Phipps, the daughters, the executors, the value of the personal estate being £3103. Subject to legacies of £100 to his daughter Maria Louisa Sophia Pearse, and £50 each to her daughters, the testator leaves all his real and personal estate between his two daughters Constance Mary Katherine Phipps and Sophia Maria Laura Phipps in equal shares.

#### THE CAP OF THE SPHINX.

A most interesting discovery was made at Ghizeh on Feb. 24 last. While Colonel G. E. Raum, who has been carrying on excavations around the Pyramids and the Sphinx, was at work in the temple which lies between the fore-paws of the latter colossal monument, he suddenly came upon the missing cap of the Sphinx at a distance of fourteen or fifteen feet below the surface. The cap bears a carved design of the three lotos columns with a snake beneath them, and measures 4 ft. 3 in. in width at the bottom and 2 ft. 2 in. across the top. The stone is painted red. Much interest is attached to the unearthing of this portion of the Sphinx, as it has been missing for centuries.

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## THE ROYAL INSTITUTE.

The Council of the Institute deserve great credit this year for having adopted a more generous policy towards outsiders, with the result of bringing into notice a number of hitherto almost unknown artists. Some of these undoubtedly merit the favour thus shown to them, and the general effect is to modify in a perceptible degree the note of monotonous commonplace which on many previous occasions has marred the exhibitions of this society.

In the West Gallery, the President, Sir James Linton's "Katharine and Petruchio" (14), despite the modernity of both characters, is an admirable bit of brush-work, and a remarkable instance of rich tones compatible with subdued colouring. In direct contrast with this laborious style are such delicate impressions of scenery as Mr. Max Ludby's "Passing Clouds" (11) and Mr. Aumonier's "Lincolnshire Lane" (17), between which the President's work is usefully hung in order to show the wide field of water-colour painting. Mr. Fulleylove flits about from Paris to Venice picking up delightful bits of architecture, transferring them to his paper with the accuracy of photography, but at the same time investing them with a touch of his own personality. Mr. Henry J. Stock, to whom one looks for imaginative work, has a pretty idea in his "Cascade" (27), represented by the golden hair of a recumbent figure falling over the side of a precipice. Mr. Frank Walton has been spending the bright summer months among the rocks and headlands of the Land's End, and contributes more than

half-a-dozen literal yet attractive transcripts of his surroundings on land and sea. Mr. W. G. Addison in the "Ruins of King John's Castle at Warborough" (55) has lighted upon a very picturesque bit of Hampshire meadowland, where the bright river, almost overflowing its banks, winds among pollard oaks and willows. By an unexplained perversity, last autumn, which to the ordinary mortal was marked by an excess of dry weather and bright sunshine, seems to have furnished artists with a remarkable record of wet days, as, for instance, to Mr. Arthur G. Bell in "Holland" (97), and Mr. Finlay Mackinnon (126), and to Mr. Stuart Richardson (172), all of whom succeed remarkably well in depicting this unfavourable condition of the weather. Mr. Edward Read finds in "A Winter's Twilight" (166) a fine opportunity for painting a dreary expanse of snow just catching the last rays of light; and Mr. Arthur Severn revels in the dark clouds which envelop "Kynance Cove" (142) at sunset. Mr. Weedon gives a good account of breaking waves on the sandy coast of Holland (41), and Mr. Mason Jackson on the rocky headland at Tynemouth (63). Mr. B. E. Minns pleasingly introduces us to the less known entrance to Sydney Harbour, New South Wales, known as "The Gap" (67); and Mr. Marcus B. Huish deftly grapples with the stretch of water which lies between Nairn and Cromarty (108).

In the Central Gallery the pictures are, as a rule, of somewhat less interest. Sir James Linton's "Jessica" (333), notwithstanding the care lavished upon her green-

and-gold dress, can scarcely be regarded as a success, and for charm of expression falls even below his very modern adaptation of "Sweet Anne Page" (238), where again the costume is the most attractive element of the picture. Mr. E. J. Gregory's "Master Newall" (229), imbedded in cretonne and cushions, is a fine scheme of colour; but the child's flesh tones are forced, and his disproportion to his rocking-horse rather too obvious.

In the East Gallery Mr. Gordon Browne's "Course of True Love" (391) is one of the most successful bits of humour in the exhibition, Mr. E. O. Clifford's "Quack" (443) aiming a trifle higher in its study of character; while Mr. T. Hope McLachlan's "Weary" (400), Mr. William Rainey's "Wanderers" (397), and Mr. H. R. Steer's "Life's Little Day" (505) all belong to that school of sentiment which is generally popular; and Mr. John R. Reid's "Gentle Spring" (403), Mr. Ottewell's "Wild Glen Geldie" (421), Mr. Wimperis' "The Way to Llyn Crafnant" (451), and Mr. Weedon's "Shore of the Solent" (497) are excellent instances of the variousness of our several schools of landscape painting. Mr. Max Ludby, who this year is painting in much more subdued colours than is his wont, in his "Village Forge" (419) seems to follow in the wake of Wilkie rather than of Stanhope Forbes. Among the outsiders' work in this room the most promising specimens are Mr. J. R. Wells' "Sea Fog and Sunshine" (396), Mr. Wallace Rimington's "Courtyard of San Salvador" (428), Mr. David Green's "Whitby Quay" (454), Mr. Albert Kinsley's "Fringe of the Moor"

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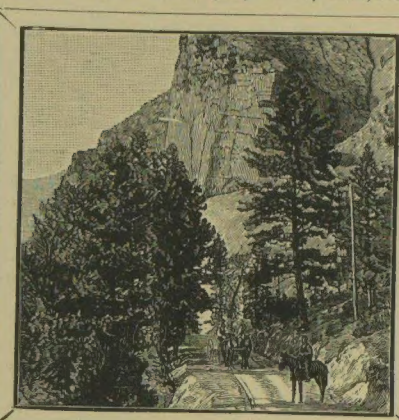
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(527), Mrs. Townsend Johnson's "Between the Tides" (556), and Mr. William Simpson's restful and delicate treatment of the interior of the Holy Sepulchre (467). Mr. Barrington has managed to make a dramatic scene out of his "Arrested" (458), apparently intended to refer to some incident of Monmouth's rebellion and the employment of "Kirke's Lambs." On the other hand, Mr. E. H. Corbould's "Sudden Turn" (474) lends itself rather to the ridiculous than to the impressive side of knight errantry. Mr. John Fulleylove has bestowed upon the façade of the British Museum (513) a vast amount of pains, and succeeds in bringing out its leading features to their best advantage. Mr. Henry Rheam's allegorical figure of a small maiden in green and gold lifting up the white curtain which shrouds "The Ivory Gate and Golden" (521) is dexterously painted, but is not very obvious in its meaning; just as Mr. St. George Hare's "Signal" (583)

makes one wonder why a lady in evening dress should be so engaged in broad daylight. Mr. Bernard Evans's "St. Cezaire" (557), Mr. Yeend King's "St. Ives, Hunts" (543), and Mr. J. Orrock's "Old Mill near Worthing" (586) deserve to be mentioned, as also an interesting collection of miniatures by various artists, testifying to the revival of a very charming branch of art.

The first of the public suppers of which the boys of Christ's Hospital partake during the Lenten season, in accordance with a venerable custom, was held in the great hall of the Hospital on the evening of March 5 in the presence of the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress and several of the Aldermen and Sheriffs.

The yearly report of the Inspector-General on Army Recruiting, which has just been issued, makes the inter-

esting statement that at the beginning of last year the sum total of the Army's numbers was much in excess of its required and authorised strength. The numbers subsequently enlisted were: In the regular Army, 29,194; in the Militia, 35,148. The first of these totals shows a decrease, and the second an increase on the record for the year 1894. The entire numbers of the Army on the first day of the present year are stated as 640,625, this total including Volunteers and reserve. At the end of his report Major-General Sir F. W. Grenfell states that the conduct of the soldiers continues to improve, as is shown by the fact that, notwithstanding the additional powers granted to commanding officers, the number of minor punishments inflicted during 1894 was less by over 44,000 than the number inflicted in 1875, although the present strength of the Army is 37,000 more than it was then.

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AN ARTIST'S MODEL.  
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FIRST-CLASS ORCHESTRA.

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**HAIR**  
and  
**SKIN**

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**TEETHING**

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Has been used over Fifty Years by Millions of Mothers for their children while teething with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea.

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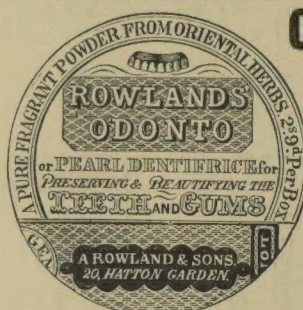
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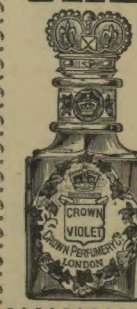
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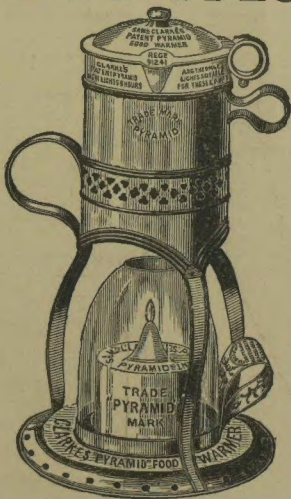
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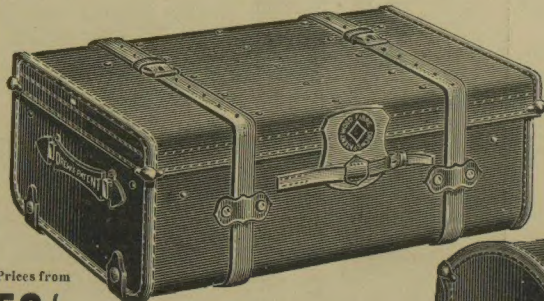
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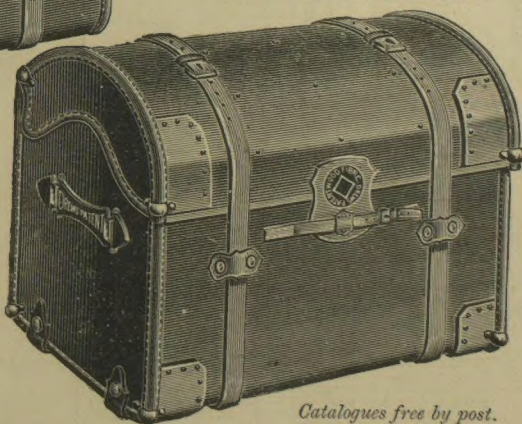
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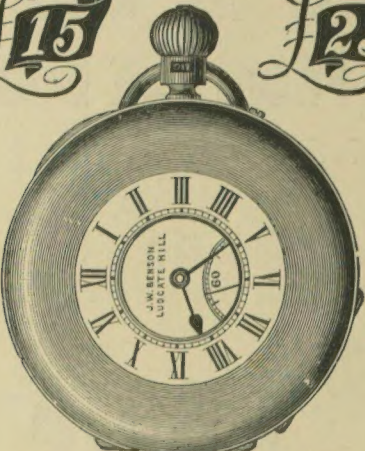
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They at once check the Cough and remove the cause.  
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One Lozenge alone relieves.  
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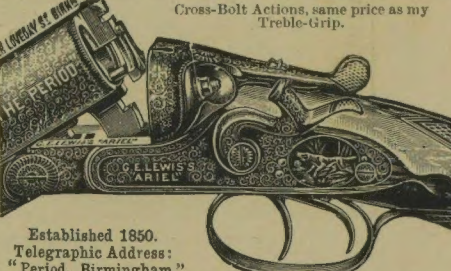
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